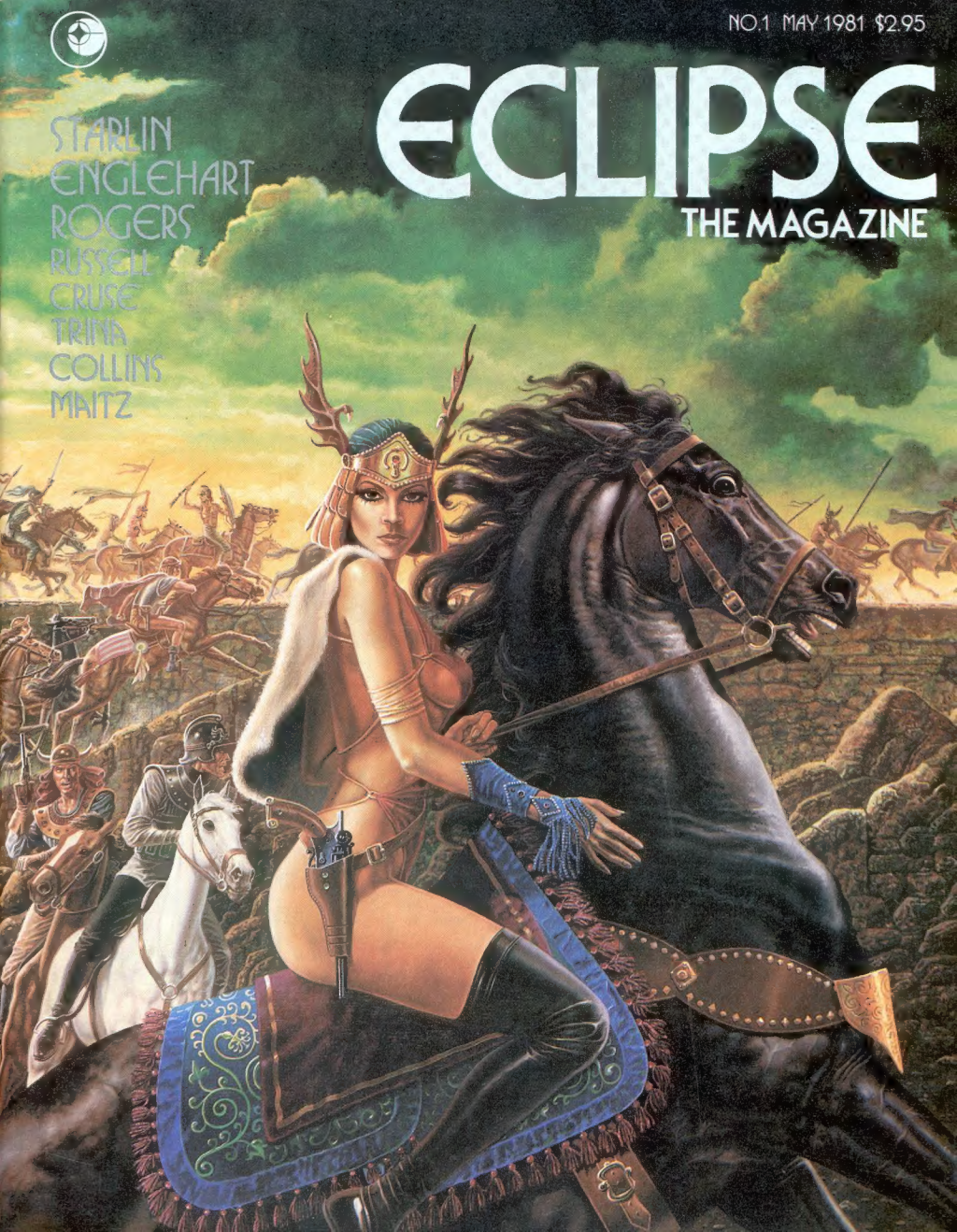
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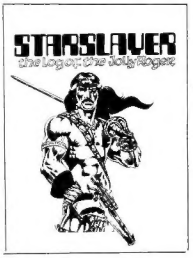
TEN FANTASTIC PORTFOLIOS



Starslayer—Mike Grell. Torin MacQuillan is the Starslayer, plucked from his savage life in ancient Scotland to the distant reaches of the future. Limited to 1,200 signed and numbered portfolios of six black-and-white plates, each in an illustrated folder. $12.00.

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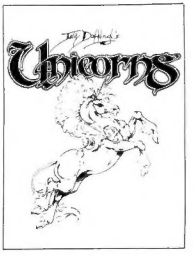
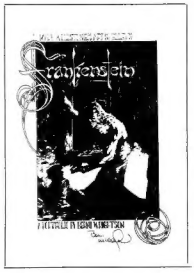
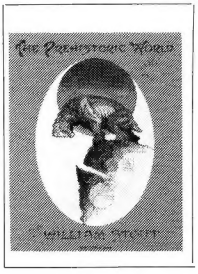


Unicorns—Lela Dowling. The enchanted air of fantasy has been breathed into these scenes, each as dynamic as the unicorns they depict, rich with delicate linework and minute detail. Limited to 1,200 signed and numbered portfolios of six b&w plates plus folder. $12.00.



Frankenstein III—Berni Wrightson. None of the six b&w illustrations comprising this limited-edition, signed and numbered portfolio will be included in Wrightson's *magnum opus* illustrated edition of Mary Shelley's famous work. 1,200 copies, each in a folder. $15.00.



Prehistoric World—William Stout. 10 big full-color plates, highlighted by sabertooth cat, tyrannosaurus and cave woman, comprise this signed and numbered portfolio, limited to 1,100 copies, each in a handsome folder. Offered at original price of $25.00.

Voyage of the Ayeguy—Josh Kirby. A Renaissance painter has been flung into the far future of another world, recording all he sees in panoramic vistas. Limited to 1,200 signed and numbered portfolios, each of six full-color plates, in an embossed folder. $35.00.

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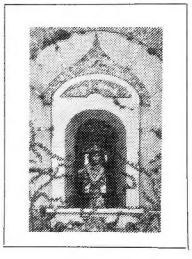

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EDITORIAL

When we first announced that Eclipse was going to be publishing a new comics magazine, the reaction from the writers and artists in the industry was nothing less than enthusiastic. Within a week Marshall Rogers had close to a dozen artists calling us up; Jim Starlin offered us a story he was going to offer to **Heavy Metal**; Trina Robbins told us that she had long been looking for the right place to publish her adaptation of Sax Rohmer's novel **Dope**; Steve Englehart said, "Great! Eclipse runs a comics company the way it should be run."

The writers and artists we've spoken with agree that there is a great need for a new comics magazine--a magazine with a new and innovative approach. We all believe that the inherent potential of comics is unlimited and that the only thing holding comics back are the restrictive attitudes ruling the other magazines. The writers and artists find their creativity handcuffed by the status quo.

Eclipse doesn't believe in stifling what comics can achieve; if we did, the trade paperback graphic book would have remained simply a European phenomenon. **Sabre**, **Night Music**, **Detectives, Inc.** and **Stewart the Rat** have set the standard for quality comics in quality formats.

Every writer and artist in **Eclipse** is doing what they love to do best--tell stories: science fiction, fantasy, adventure, satire, humor, mystery and mainstream stories. We've drawn from all fields of comics to present the most diverse and exciting balance of stories and art styles. For a fast-paced adventure story, we called on Steve Englehart and Marshall Rogers; for a private detective series, we contacted Max Allan Collins, scripter of **Dick Tracy**; for fantasy, master illustrator P. Craig Russell; for satire, Howard Cruse, Chris Browne and Trina Robbins; for cosmic science fiction, Jim Starlin....

We'll be adding a letters page in our third bimonthly issue and we want your feedback. Copies of your letters will be forwarded to the writers and artists appearing in **Eclipse** since they, and we at Eclipse Enterprises, feel that this magazine is what the artform has been waiting for.

Dean Mullaney

Dean Mullaney
Editor

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1 MAY 1981

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Publisher **Eclipse Enterprises** • Editor **Dean Mullaney**

Special thanks to: Edward B. Via • Don McGregor • Marshall Rogers

ECLIPSE, the magazine is published bi-monthly by Eclipse Enterprises, 81 Delaware Street, Staten Island, New York 10304; (212) 720-8387. Subscription rate is $14.75 per year; single copies $2.95. Entire contents and editorial matter copyright © 1981 Eclipse Enterprises; **Slab** copyright © 1981 Steve Englehart & Marshall Rogers; **Ms.Tree** copyright © 1981 Max Allan Collins & Terry Beatty; **Loose Hips Sink Ships** copyright © 1980 Chris Browne & Trina Robbins; **Amber III** copyright © 1980 Jim Starlin; **Death** copyright © 1980 Howard Cruse;

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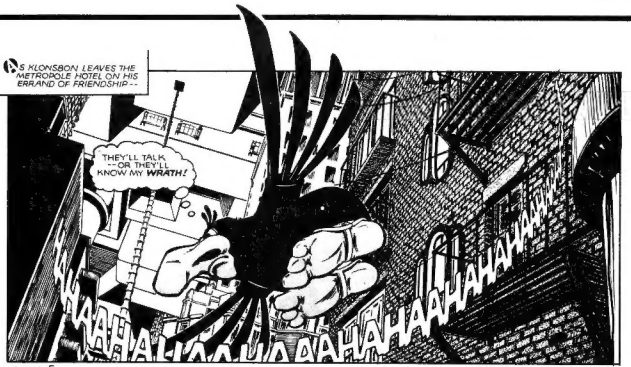
AS KLONSBON LEAVES THE METROPOLE HOTEL ON HIS ERRAND OF FRIENDSHIP--
THEY'LL TALK --OR THEY'LL KNOW MY WRATH!
HAHAHAH

ECLIPSE
THE MAGAZINE

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PAUL GULACY
TRINA ROBBINS
STEVE LEIALOHA
HOWARD CRUSE
TOM ORZECHOWSKI
DON MAITZ
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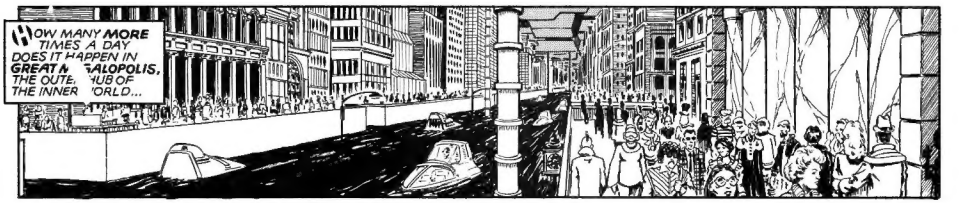
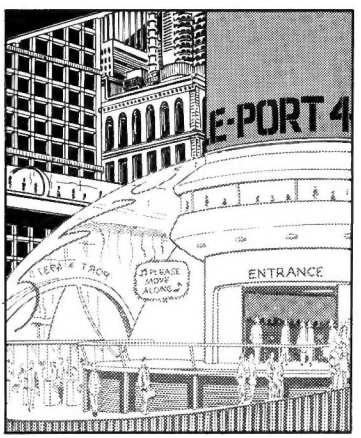
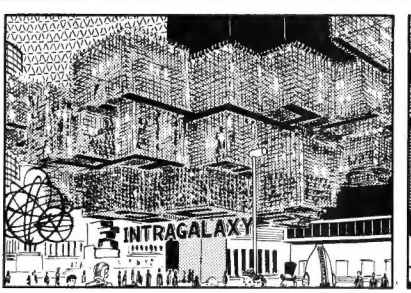
– *A hidden master*

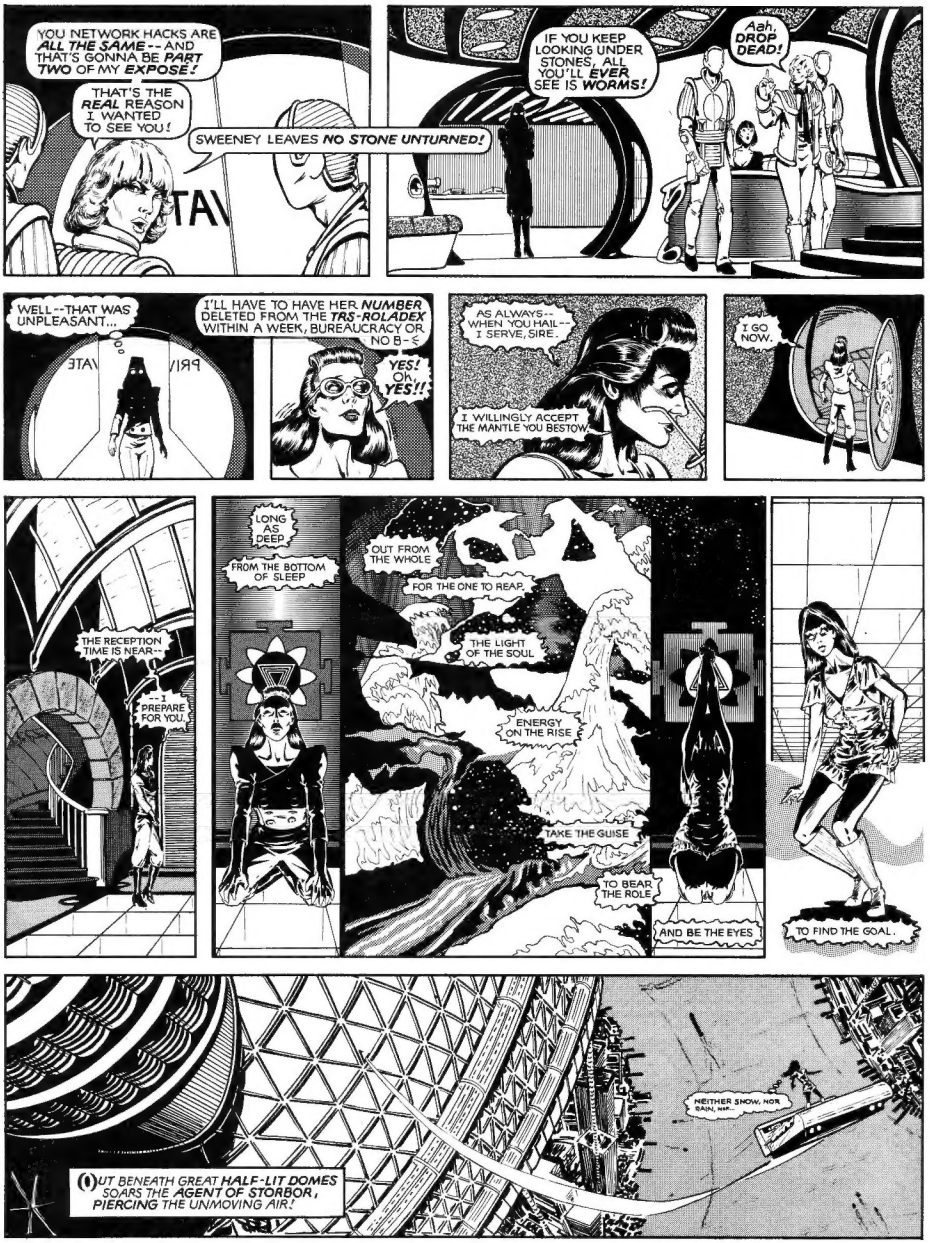
" LIFE GROWS DISTURBING. I SHALL CREATE A CORPS OF GUARDIAN AGENTS."
– *Storbor*





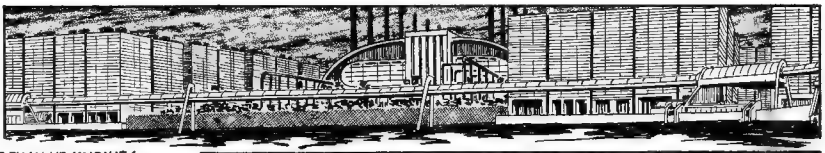


K2T732-43-3929? I'M G2W384-38-8742-- CALL ME SWEENEY.
HOW MANY TIMES DO THOSE WITH SECRETS MEET OTHERS JUST THE SAME AS THEMSELVES...?
THESE TWO WILL NEVER LEARN EACH OTHER'S ALTER EGOS...
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, G2W384-38-8742-- BUT TAKE IT EASY ON THE HANDSHAKE, WON'T YOU?
I MAY LOOK ROBUST, BUT IT'S JUST THE CUT OF MY SUIT!
--YET THEIR FATES ARE NOW INEXTRICABLY TIED -- ALL BECAUSE OF A MAN CALLED --
S L A B
BROUGHT TO YOU BY: STEVE ENGLEHART & MARSHALL ROGERS ··· TOM ORZECHOWSKI, letterer
IT'S GOOD OF YOU TO SEE ME, K2T732-43-3929--
HANNA--
--HANNA-- YOU BEING INTRAGALAXY'S GLOBAL NEWS ANCHORMAN, AND ME BEING JUST AN INVESTIGATOR FOR A TATTLESHEET FROM DOWN UNDER.
tut tut ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP A FELLOW JOURNALIST, THOUGH I'M NOT CLEAR WHAT YOU WANTED TO SEE ME ABOUT.
I'M DOING A STORY ON THE BIG BLUE BOSS-- YOU KNOW, THE SUPER COP--
OH YES! YOUR READERS' NAMES FOR STORBOR--
--RIGHT-- --AND WE ALL KNOW YOU AND HE ARE JUST LIKE THAT!
WELL, NOT REALLY! BUT YOU KNOW, MISS, THERE HAVE BEEN A LOT OF STORIES ON STORBOR--
SURE, BUT NOT BY ME! I DON'T PULL MY PUNCHES, LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE!
SWEENEY SPEAKS FOR THE LITTLE GUY-- THE MAN ON THE STREET. SO DID STORBOR, WHEN HE STARTED OUT--
--BUT HE'S BECOME AN INSTITUTION NOW, NOT A REAL GUY-- MY GOD, HE'S BEEN AROUND LONGER THAN MY GRANDFATHER'S MEMORY-- I'M NOT GOING TO WRITE ANOTHER PUFF PIECE ON HIM--
--I WANT DIRT! I WANT THE INSIDE SCOOP-- THE STUFF YOUR NEWS SO POLITELY OVERLOOKS!
I'M GOING TO SHOW JUST HOW HE GOT SO FAT AND LAZY!
G2W384-38-8742--
SWEENEY...
G2W384-38-8742, I DON'T THINK I CAN BE OF ANY HELP TO YOU.
NO-- I DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD BE.
YOU'RE JUST LIKE HIM, HANNA-- ANOTHER SMOOTHLY-RUNNING SELL-OUT--
--WHO'S JUST THE LADY TO GIVE YOUR VIEWERS WHAT THEY REALLY OUGHT TO WANT!


YOU NETWORK HACKS ARE ALL THE SAME-- AND THAT'S GONNA BE PART TWO OF MY EXPOSE!
THAT'S THE REAL REASON I WANTED TO SEE YOU!
SWEENEY LEAVES NO STONE UNTURNED!
IF YOU KEEP LOOKING UNDER STONES, ALL YOU'LL EVER SEE IS WORMS!
Aah, DROP DEAD!
WELL--THAT WAS UNPLEASANT...
I'LL HAVE TO HAVE HER NUMBER DELETED FROM THE TRS-ROLADEX WITHIN A WEEK, BUREAUCRACY OR NO B-S
YES! Oh, YES!!
AS ALWAYS-- WHEN YOU HAIL-- I SERVE, SIRE.
I WILLINGLY ACCEPT THE MANTLE YOU BESTOW.
I GO NOW.
THE RECEPTION TIME IS NEAR--
--PREPARE FOR YOU.
LONG AS DEEP
FROM THE BOTTOM OF SLEEP
OUT FROM THE WHOLE
FOR THE ONE TO REAP
THE LIGHT OF THE SOUL
ENERGY ON THE RISE
TAKE THE GUISE
TO BEAR THE ROLE
AND BE THE EYES
TO FIND THE GOAL.
OUT BENEATH GREAT HALF-LIT DOMES SOARS THE AGENT OF STORBOR, PIERCING THE UNMOVING AIR!
NEITHER SNOW, NOR RAIN, NOR...

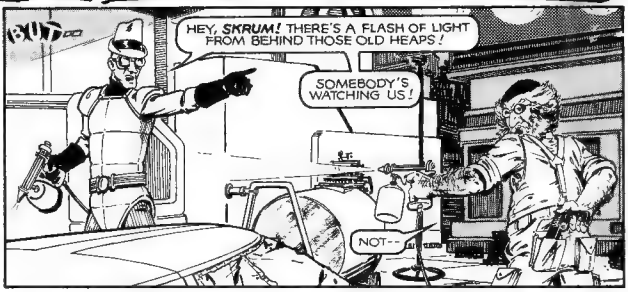
MEANWHILE--
I LOVE IT! STICKIN' MY FINGER IN BIG-SHOTS' EYES! LETTIN' 'EM KNOW THAT NOT ALL THE PEOPLE ARE ASLEEP YET!
♪PLEASE HAVE ALL PAPERS READY♪
THERE'S STILL SOMEBODY STANDIN' UP FOR THE OLD VALUES--
--TRUTH, MORALITY--
--FRIENDSHIP--
♪PLEASE STAY IN YOUR DESIGNATED LINES...♫
HEY, JACSON! E4D917-02-5516!
WELL, I'LL BE A SON OF A GUN! SWEENEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
♪PLEASE STEP LIVELY THE LIFT DEPARTS IN TWO MINUTES♪
4937
I COULD ASK YOU THE SAME THING! THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU, YOU WERE...
YEAH, WELL... A LOT HAS HAPPENED IN THE LAST EIGHT OR NINE MONTHS--
♪PLEASE MOVE ALONG AND STAY IN LINE♫
ABOUT FOUR MONTHS AGO, SOME BIG-WIG UP AT INTRAGALAXY FINALLY NOTICED MY PHOTO-WORK, AND I WAS OFFERED THE POSITION OF CAMERAMAN-THIRD...
BUT JACSON-- WORKING FOR INTRAGALAXY IS THE SAME THING AS WORKING FOR THE BIG BLUE BOSS!
OH, C'MON, SWEENEY, NOT THAT OLD--
BUT IT IS.
♪PLEASE PREPARE TO DISEMBARK♪
LOOK! IT'S REALLY NOT THAT BAD-- I'M "UPSTAIRS" NOW, THE ACCOMODATIONS ARE HANDS ABOVE FIST BETTER, AND AFTER A FEW MORE ASSIGNMENTS, I'LL BE MOVED UP TO CM-SECOND-- AS A MATTER OF FACT I'M ON MY WAY OUT ON A JOB RIGHT NOW...
...DIDN'T THEY TELL YOU ANY OF THIS AT THE SHEET?
NAH! THEY DON'T TELL ME ANYTHING! YOU KNOW I LIKE TO GO MY OWN WAY!
BUT LISTEN--
--IF YOU'RE FREE LATER, I'M OVER AT THE METROPOLE HOTEL-- ROOM 2317. LET'S GET A DRINK AND TALK OVER OLD TIMES.
YOU GOT IT! TAKE 'ER EASY, SWEENEY!
METROPOLE
AND WHILE SWEENEY GOES IN SEARCH OF A THICK STEAK, JACSON GOES ABOUT HIS BUSINESS--

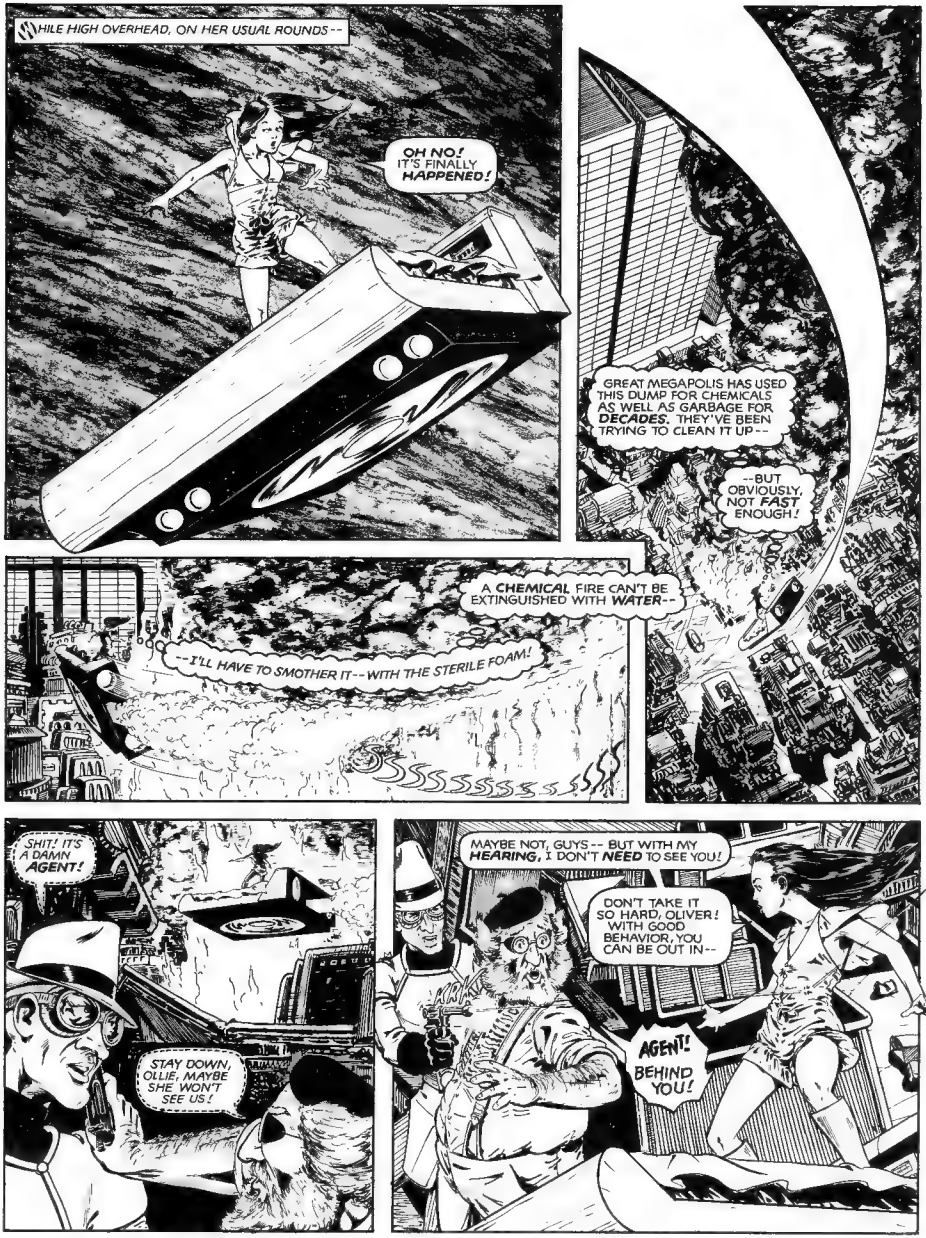
--WHICH, TWO HOURS LATER, BRINGS HIM TO THE END OF HIS TRAIL--



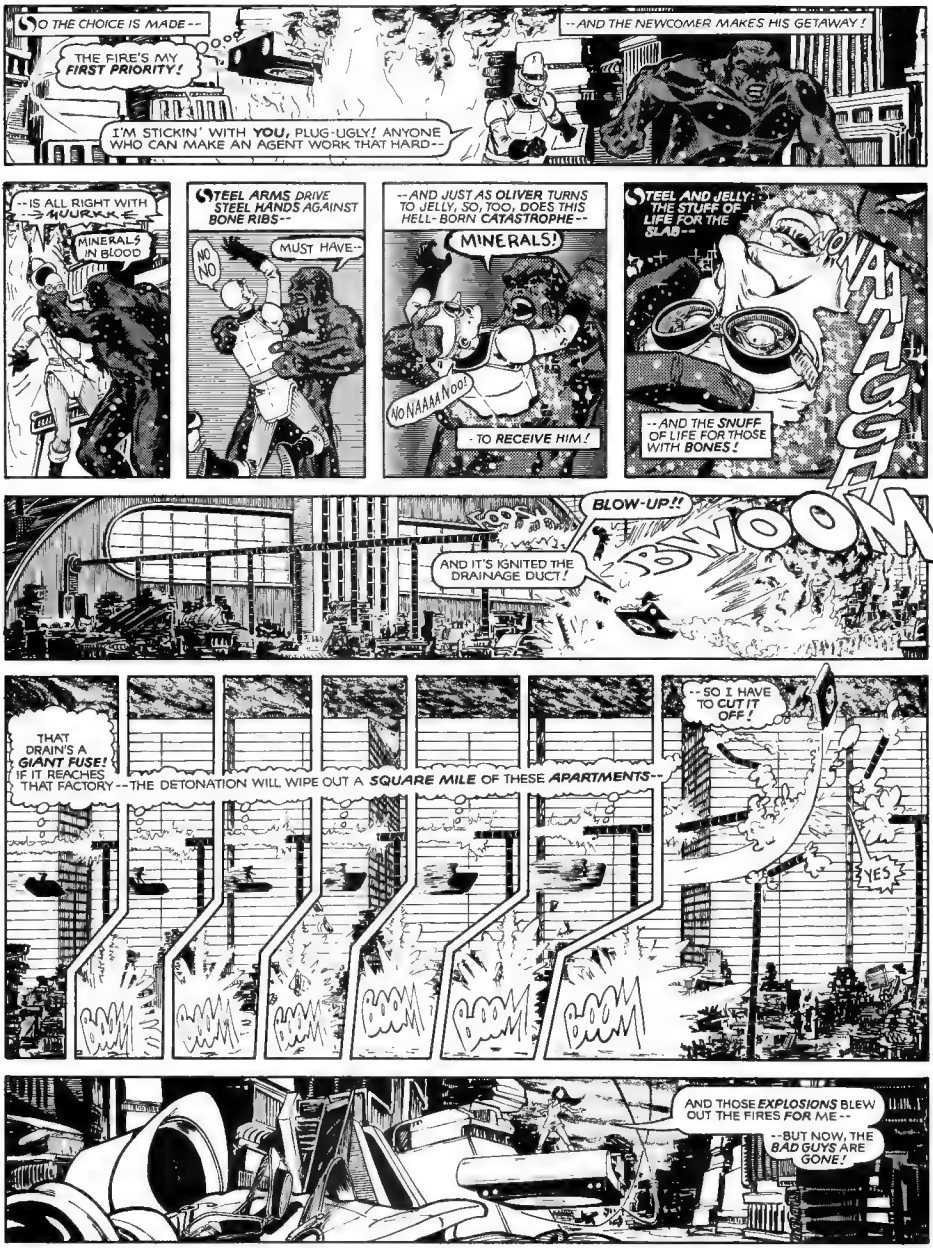
--IN MORE WAYS THAN HE **KNOWS!**

THERE'RE MY BOYS -- REPAINTING THEIR STOLEN CHARIOTS LIKE THE PROS THEY ARE!
NICE PLACE FOR IT, THIS ABANDONED DUMP!
INTERGALAXY
ALL I'LL NEED TO CINCH THIS ASSIGNMENT IS A FEW FEET OF TAPE.

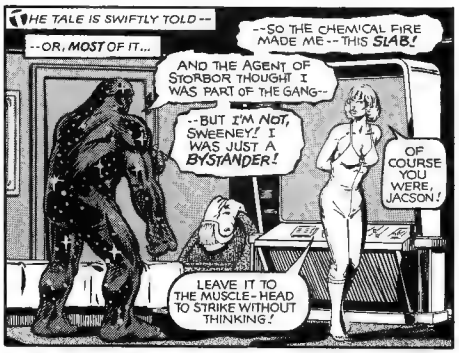



WHILE HIGH OVERHEAD, ON HER USUAL ROUNDS--
OH NO! IT'S FINALLY HAPPENED!
GREAT MEGAPOLIS HAS USED THIS DUMP FOR CHEMICALS AS WELL AS GARBAGE FOR DECADES. THEY'VE BEEN TRYING TO CLEAN IT UP--
--BUT OBVIOUSLY, NOT FAST ENOUGH!
A CHEMICAL FIRE CAN'T BE EXTINGUISHED WITH WATER--
--I'LL HAVE TO SMOTHER IT--WITH THE STERILE FOAM!
SHIT! IT'S A DAMN AGENT!
STAY DOWN, OLLIE, MAYBE SHE WON'T SEE US!
MAYBE NOT, GUYS-- BUT WITH MY HEARING, I DON'T NEED TO SEE YOU!
DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, OLIVER! WITH GOOD BEHAVIOR, YOU CAN BE OUT IN--
AGENT! BEHIND YOU!

THAT OLD JOKE WON'T WAAKK!
FROM THE MUCK IT COMES--
--BUT THIS IS NO SLIME THING--
--FOR THE FIRE HAS FORGED IT, HARDENED IT--SO THAT NOW ITS ARMS AND FINGERS ARE LIKE--
SLABS! HUNKS OF STEEL!
IT'S TRYING TO ABSORB ME INTO ITS BODY!
CLUD
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE TO DESERVE THIS KIND OF TREATMENT, UGLY--
--SO I'LL DO IT NOW!
AARRK
WHAT--? HE IS STEEL!
HIS FACE BENT WITH MY BLOW!
AND THEN-
--THE MADNESS CRANKS UP ANOTHER NOTCH!
RATS! THE CHEMICAL FIRE'S IGNITED AGAIN!
EVERYBODY'S SCATTERING--BUT IF THE FIRE SETS OFF AN EXPLOSION, THOUSANDS COULD DIE!

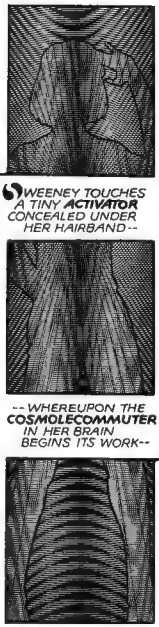

SO THE CHOICE IS MADE--
THE FIRE'S MY FIRST PRIORITY!
I'M STICKIN' WITH YOU, PLUG-UGLY! ANYONE WHO CAN MAKE AN AGENT WORK THAT HARD--
--AND THE NEWCOMER MAKES HIS GETAWAY!
--IS ALL RIGHT WITH
HUURKK
MINERALS IN BLOOD
STEEL ARMS DRIVE STEEL HANDS AGAINST BONE RIBS--
NO NO
MUST HAVE--
--AND JUST AS OLIVER TURNS TO JELLY, SO, TOO, DOES THIS HELL-BORN CATASTROPHE--
MINERALS!
NONAAAANOO!
- TO RECEIVE HIM!
STEEL AND JELLY: THE STUFF OF LIFE FOR THE SLAB--
NOOO

MEGAPOLIS IS AN OLD CITY-- VERY OLD. THE OLD HAS BEEN COVERED OVER HERE, SO THERE ARE WAYS, YES, EVEN FOR MONSTERS--
--TO REACH THE METROPOLE HOTEL!
SKRACH
WHAT THE--!
DON'T PANIC, SWEENEY, PLEASE! IT'S ME-- JACSON!
I SWEAR TO GOD, IT'S ME!

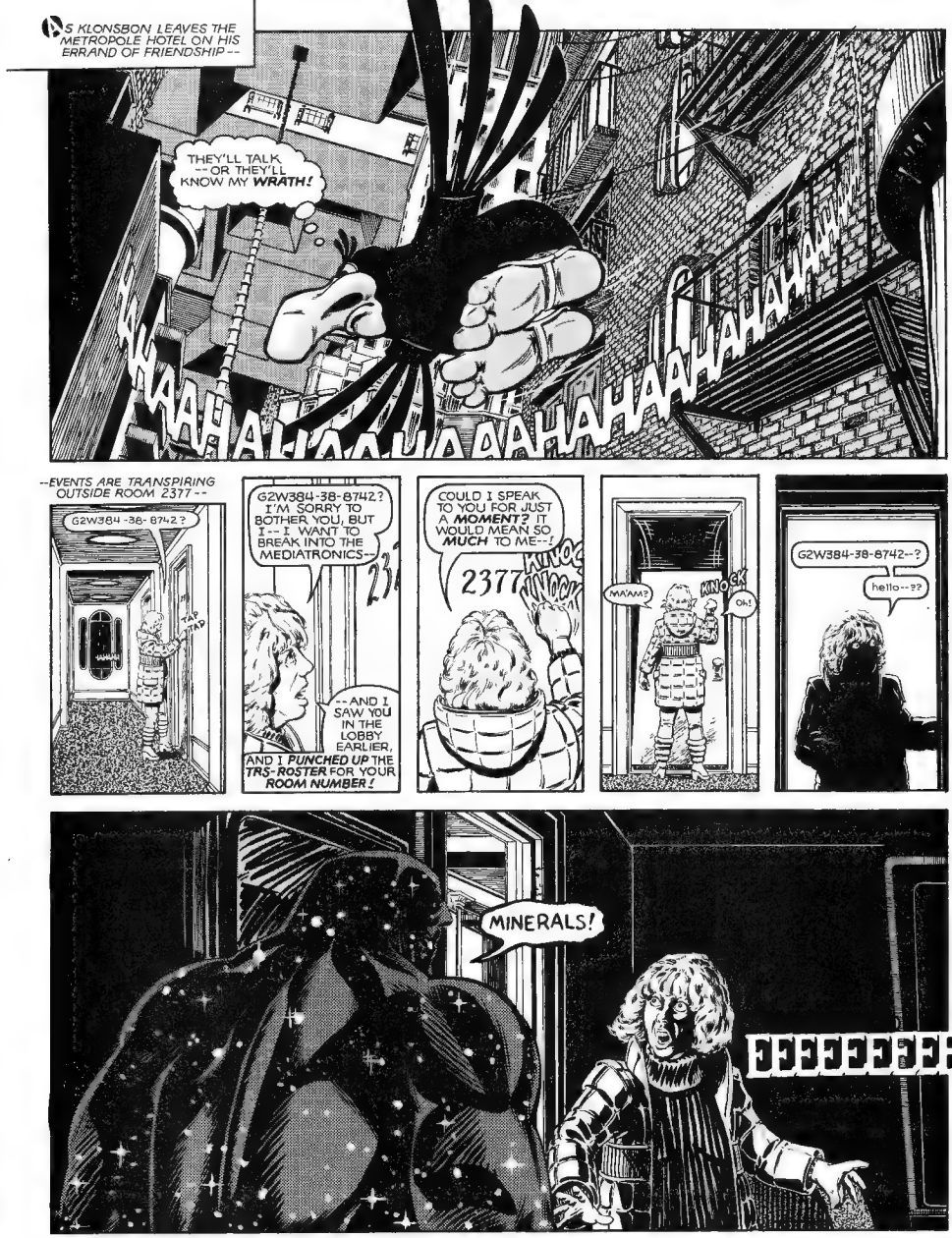

THE TALE IS SWIFTLY TOLD--
--OR, MOST OF IT...
--SO THE CHEMICAL FIRE MADE ME-- THIS SLAB!
AND THE AGENT OF STORBOR THOUGHT I WAS PART OF THE GANG--
--BUT I'M NOT, SWEENEY! I WAS JUST A BYSTANDER!
OF COURSE YOU WERE, JACSON!
LEAVE IT TO THE MUSCLE-HEAD TO STRIKE WITHOUT THINKING!

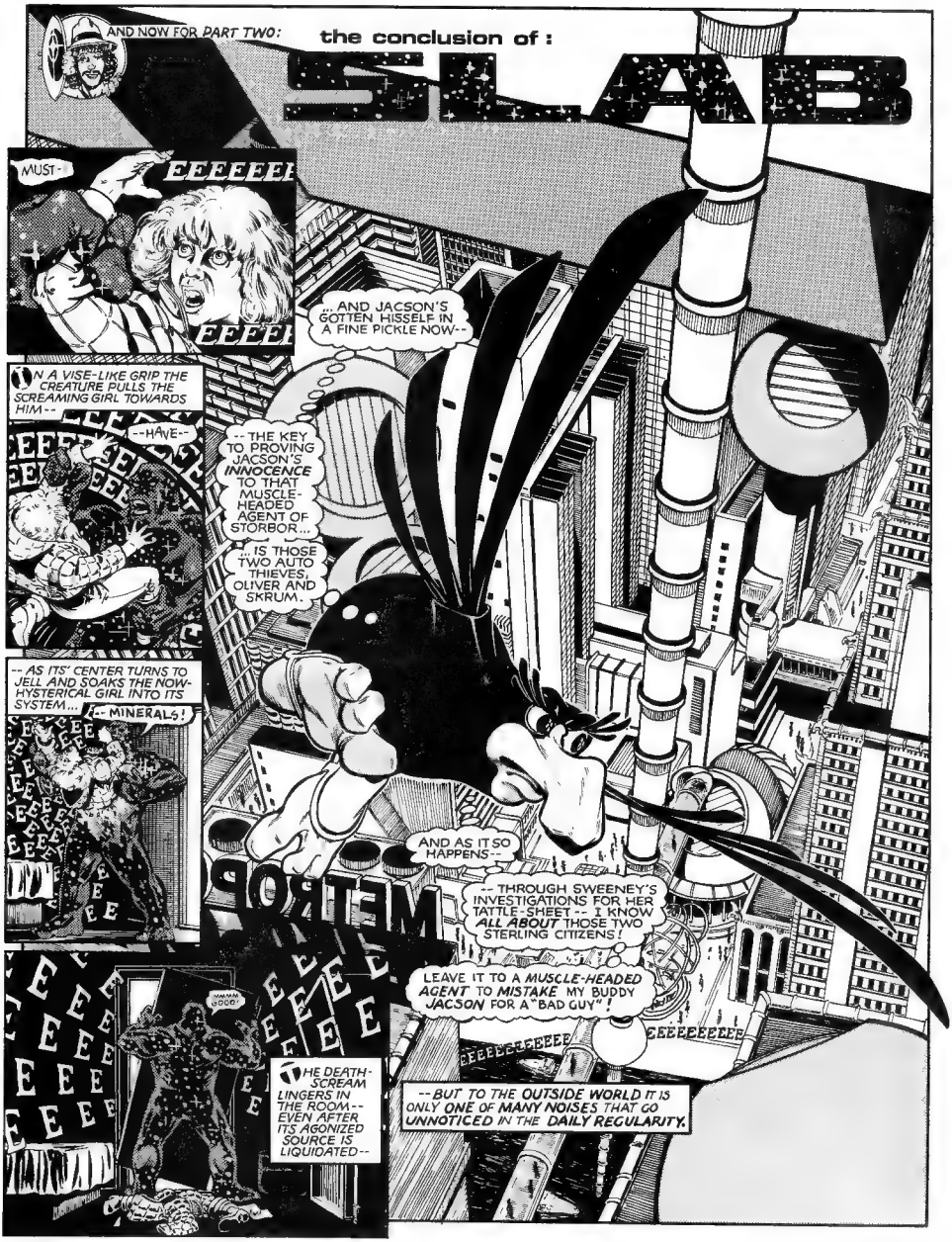
AND THEY ACCUSE ME OF SHOOTING FROM THE HIP!
WELL, DON'T WORRY, BUDDY! YOU STAY PUT, AND I'LL CHECK THE LAY OF THE LAND!
SWEENEY, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!
FORGET IT! WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR, HUH? PUT THIS DOOR UP AFTER ME AND STAY HERE! I'LL BE BACK SOON!

DAMN THE WITHIN! EVER SINCE I ALLOWED THE BIRD TO TRAVERSE THE SUBSTRATUM, ALL SORTS OF WEIRD HAPPENINGS HAVE CROSSED MY LIFE. BUT RIGHT NOW--
--TO HELP JACSON, I HAVE TO FIND THOSE TWO HOODS HE MENTIONED-- AND GET THEM TO TALK!


SWEENEY TOUCHES A TINY ACTIVATOR CONCEALED UNDER HER HAIRBAND--
--WHEREUPON THE COSMOLECOMMUTER IN HER BRAIN BEGINS ITS WORK--

--AND WHERE ONCE STOOD A WOMAN, NOW FLAPS
THE FOOZLE
THEY'LL TALK TO ME!
HEHEHEHEHEHEH


AS KLONSBON LEAVES THE METROPOLE HOTEL ON HIS ERRAND OF FRIENDSHIP--
THEY'LL TALK --OR THEY'LL KNOW MY WRATH!
HAAHAHAAAHAHAAAHAHA


AND NOW FOR PART TWO:
the conclusion of :
SLAB
MUST-
EEEEEEE
EEEEE
... AND JACSON'S GOTTEN HISSELF IN A FINE PICKLE NOW--
IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP THE CREATURE PULLS THE SCREAMING GIRL TOWARDS HIM--
--HAVE--
-- THE KEY TO PROVING JACSON'S INNOCENCE TO THAT MUSCLE-HEADED AGENT OF STORBOR...
... IS THOSE TWO AUTO THIEVES, OLIVER AND SKRUM.
-- AS ITS' CENTER TURNS TO JELL AND SOAKS THE NOW-HYSTERICAL GIRL INTO ITS SYSTEM...
--MINERALS!
AND AS IT SO HAPPENS--
-- THROUGH SWEENEY'S INVESTIGATIONS FOR HER TATTLE-SHEET -- I KNOW ALL ABOUT THOSE TWO STERLING CITIZENS!
LEAVE IT TO A MUSCLE-HEADED AGENT TO MISTAKE MY BUDDY JACSON FOR A "BAD GUY"!
EEEEEEEEEEE
EEEEEEEEEEE
-- BUT TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD IT IS ONLY ONE OF MANY NOISES THAT GO UNNOTICED IN THE DAILY REGULARITY.
THE DEATH-SCREAM LINGERS IN THE ROOM-- EVEN AFTER ITS AGONIZED SOURCE IS LIQUIDATED--

TWENTY MINUTES LATER--
SWEENEY WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GET WORD ONE OUT OF THOSE TYPES-- BUT THE FOOZLE WILL-- OR I'LL SCARE THE BEFUNKY OUT OF THEM!
--IN A SMALL APARTMENT NEAR THE EVER-SEEDY WATERFRONT...
HUH?
HOLY-SHIT!!
THAT'S THE LAUGH OF A FOOZLE!
HOW DID HE FIND ME?!
EHH!
AHAHA!
MAYBE I CAN SLIP--
--OUT THE SIDEEEAAAT!!
TALK TO ME, MORTAL! TELL ME OF OLIVER AND YOURSELF-- AND YOUR THIEVERY!
OLIVER--? I AIN'T SEEN OLLIE SINCE--
--SINCE--
YESSSS?
--SINCE THAT BIG METAL GUY ATTACKED AN AGENT--
--AND WE ALL SPLIT!
THE "BIG METAL GUY" WAS NOT WITH YOU, eh? YOU'LL SAY AS MUCH TO THE AUTHORITORS--
--OR FACE MY WRATH AGAIN!
I--I--

HOLD IT, FOOZLE!
AN AGENT!!
SO, SKRUM--
--YOU AND OLIVER ARE PLAYING IN THE BIG LEAGUES NOW, I SEE.
DAMN! LEAVE IT TO A MUSCLEHEAD TO BELIEVE THE PROPAGANDA ABOUT ME BEING LETHAL!
BUT IF I'M GOING TO HELP JACSON--
PUSH
THE FOOZLE BIDS YOU FAREWELL!
THIS IS NUTS
--I CAN'T BE STOPPED NOW!
PLEASANT DREAMS!
NUTS!
I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE! HA HA HA
HA HA ALL I DID WAS BOOST VETTES HA HA STOP ROUSTING ME, ALL OF YOU HA HA HA
KRAK
KRAK
KRAK
SKRUM, YOU WON'T HURT ME THAT WAY--!
RUE--
UNNGH!
OH NO!
--BUT THE RICOCHETS CAN HURT SKRUM!

HE'S DEAD!
WHAT'S ALL THE RACKET--?
JESUS! I COME BACK TO GET SKRUM'S STORY TO ALIBI JACSON--
--AND HE'S CROAKED!

YOU DUMB KNUCKLE-HEADED FOOL!
HOW COULD YOU BE SO CLUMSY?
OH, GREAT! IT'S THAT SWEENEY DAME WHO VISITED MY HANNA-EGO!
DON'T START ON ME, LADY!

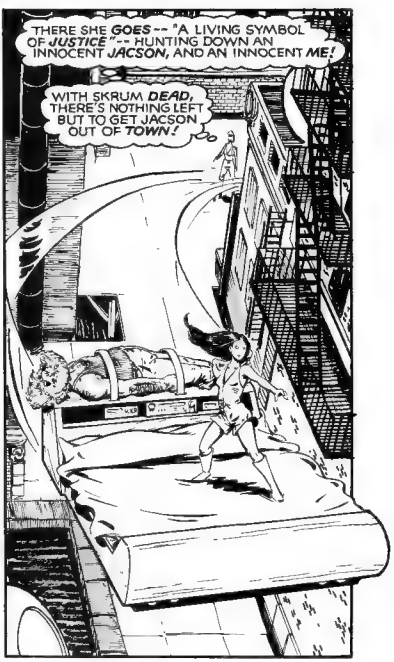
IT WAS A FOOZLE WHO MADE HIM SO PARANOID HE WENT BERSERK!
A LIKELY STORY!
YOU BIG GUYS ALWAYS HAVE A BATSY HANDY, DON'T YOU?

YOU BORE ME, LADY! YOU'RE LIKE A LITTLE YAPPING DOG, TAP-DANCING ON THE LINOLEOID!

LOOK-- I'VE BEEN ON THE GO ALL NIGHT, AND THE REST OF SKRUM'S GANG IS STILL ON THE LOOSE, SO I'M NOT THROUGH YET!
WHEN I GET THROUGH:

I DON'T NEED LOUD-MOUTHS ON TOP OF THAT!

WHAT A SHAME I DON'T HAVE A CAMERA CREW HERE, TO RECORD THIS!
DO YOU THINK YOUR PAL HANNA'S NETWORK INTRAGALAXY WOULD PICK IT UP?
I'M TAKING SKRUM TO THE MORGUE, AND SEALING HIS ROOM!
SO GET LOST!

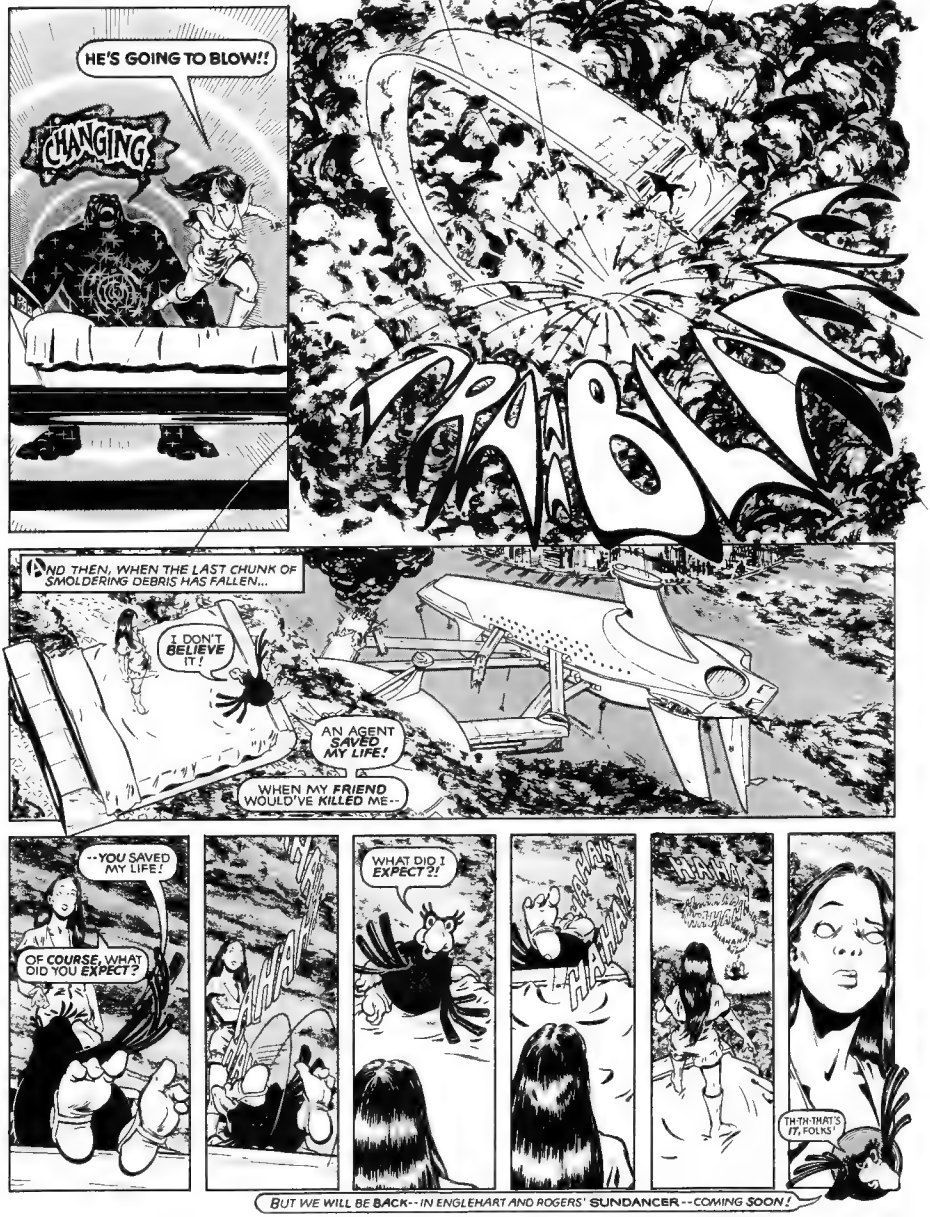

THERE SHE GOES -- "A LIVING SYMBOL OF JUSTICE" -- HUNTING DOWN AN INNOCENT JACSON, AND AN INNOCENT ME!
WITH SKRUM DEAD, THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT TO GET JACSON OUT OF TOWN!

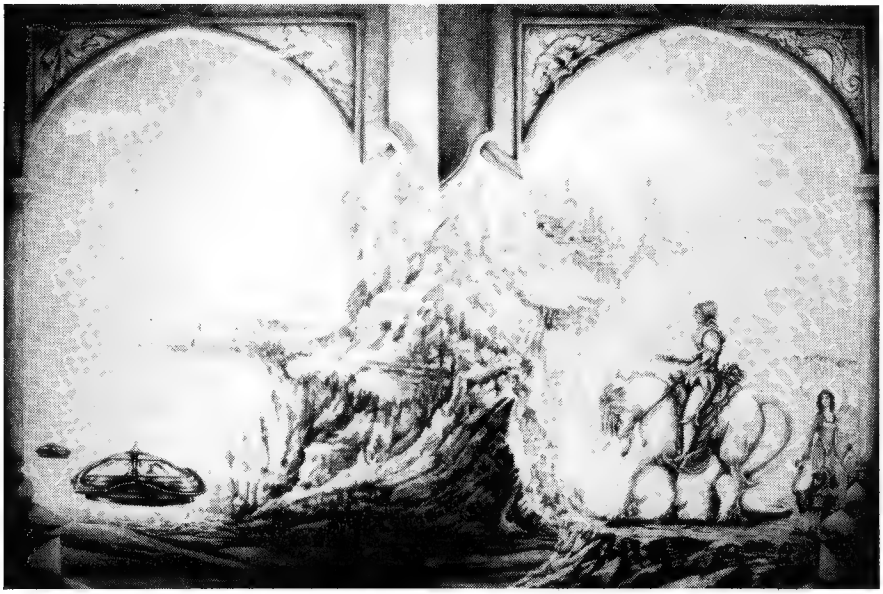
HIGH NOON, THE NEXT DAY: THE "EMPRESS SUSAN" HANGS MAJESTICALLY, AS THE LAST OF THE WELL-WISHERS AND PARTY-GOERS BID "BON VOYAGE" TO THEIR FRIENDS AND RELATIONS! THE GREAT LINER'S QUARTERLY DEPARTURE IS ALWAYS GOOD FOR GOOD TIMES IN THE DOME!
EMPRESS SUSAN
EASY NOW, JACSON. JUST STAY WITH THE CROWDS.
BUT, SWEENEY-- WHERE ARE WE GOING?
I'VE GOT A FRIEND WHO WORKS ON THE EMPRESS SUSAN. HE'LL SMUGGLE YOU ABOARD--
SO LONG, SUSIE!
THREE MONTHS!
--AND WHEN THE SHIP LEAVES--I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR.
HEY EVA, A PARTY! SHEILA'S
SWEENEY, THANKS--
IT'S OKAY! AFTER ALL, WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?
WHAT'S YOUR CABIN NUMBER, HONEY?
OKAY. YOU STAY HERE AND TRY TO LOOK LIKE YOU'RE ENJOYING YOURSELF.
I'LL BE BACK SOON!
RIGHT! TRY TO LOOK--
--LIKE I'M--

MINERALS!
CAN'T STOP MYSELF! I TRIED TO HOLD BACK!
BUT EVER SINCE THOSE CHEMICALS ENGULFED ME, I NEED THE MINERALS OF LIFE!
THE MINERALS IN BLOOD!
WHA?
HEY, FELLA, FUN'S FUN-- BUT THAT'S MY WIFE--
STOP! HEY! NO!
AND HIGH ABOVE, THE AGENT OF STORBOR'S EARS ONCE AGAIN SERVE HER WELL--
THOSE SHOUTS-- SO FULL OF TERROR!
SUPER SCOPE
THE CREATURE!
DON'T WORRY, MA'AM! I'VE GOT YOU NOW!
NO--
AT SUPER-SPEED BUT WITH THE UTMOST GENTLENESS, THE AGENT OF STORBOR PUTS THE FRANTIC WOMAN WELL OUT OF HARM'S WAY, AND TURNS BACK TO FIGHT--
Oh No! -- NOT ANOTHER ONE, CHUBBY! WHEN WILL YOU LEARN?
-- JUST AHEAD OF THE OTHER MAJOR PLAYER IN OUR DRAMA!
BLAST! THE BLUE BABOON HAS FOUND JACSON!
HE'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO--

--FACE THE FUNK OF THE FOOZLE!
FUNK
YOU'RE GETTING TO BE A REAL PROBLEM, SLAB!
FOR ONE THING, YOU'RE RUINING THE BON VOYAGE PARTY!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I MUST HAVE MINERALS
--MINERALS OF LIFE!!
ALL I--
KPOW
WHA--? A FOOZLE!
LET HIM ALONE, YOU SELF-RIGHTEOUS EIDOLON! HE'S COMPLETELY INNOCENT!
I TRIED--
TRIED NOT TO GIVE INTO MY NEED A THIRD TIME--
--BUT IF I DON'T GET THE NUTRIMENT OF NORMAL HUMAN LIFE, MY CHEMICAL LIFE WILL GO OUT OF CONTROL!
CRUNCH
I'M WARNING YOU, FOOZLE!
STAY OUT OF THIS!
OH GOD!! IT'S GOING OUT OF CONTROL NOW!
FOOZLE, FOR THE LAST TIME--
HEHEHEHAHAHAHA
SWING

BAM
HOLY GEE! WHAT WAS THAT?!
ANTI-MATTER--!
IF I CAN'T GET THE MINERALS OF LIFE, I'LL TURN TO COMPLETE ANTI-MATTER--
--AND EXPLODE!
THE AGENT'S DOWN--!
NO, JACSON! STOP!
THERE'S GOT TO BE ANOTHER WAY!
(B)UT WHAT?-- THE SLAB DOESN'T KNOW OF ANY-- SO HE REACHES OUT BLINDLY FOR A NEW VICTIM--
STAY AWAY!
STAY AWAY, I'M TELLING YOU--!
MINERALS!
--AND THE FOOZLE, CURSING HIS FATE, MUST ACT!
YOU BUM! YOU LIED TO ME!
THIS WAY, HONEYBUNCH!
NO!! DON'T TAKE--!
MUST HAVE MINERALS!
GET OUT! ALL OF YOU! OR FACE THE FUNK OF THE FOOZLE!
THERE YA GO, GRANNY
GET OUT!
SCRAM!
CAN'T-- MOVE-- SO FAST--! CHANGING--
CHANGING
GET OUTTA HERE!
WHEW! WHAT A PUNCH!
GREAT STORBOR! THE SLAB IS SO HOT-- HIS CLOTHES ARE BURSTING INTO FLAMES!


HE'S GOING TO BLOW!!
CHANGING
KRAKOOM
AND THEN, WHEN THE LAST CHUNK OF SMOLDERING DEBRIS HAS FALLEN...
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
AN AGENT SAVED MY LIFE!
WHEN MY FRIEND WOULD'VE KILLED ME--
--YOU SAVED MY LIFE!
OF COURSE. WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?
WHAT DID I EXPECT?!
TH-TH-THAT'S IT, FOLKS!
BUT WE WILL BE BACK--IN ENGLEHART AND ROGERS' SUNDANCER--COMING SOON!



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Chimera's 1981 plans include portfolios by Ron Wolatsky(from his illustrations for Roger Zelazny's "Amber Series"), Rowena, Don Maitz, and Dave Wenzel(from his book, "Kingdom of the Dwarves".)

Ron Wolatsky is noted for his illustrations for authors Roger Zelazny and Piers Anthony, as well as his record jacket and shirt designs, and other works outside the fantasy field. Rowena is definitely the First Lady of Science Fiction and Fantasy Art today, with many fine works outside the field to her credit, also. BOSKONE'S Guest of Honor, Don Maitz, has received the top award at the World Fantasy Convention, a Society of Illustrators award, and is widely recognized for his work on magazine and book covers.

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Norman L. Hood, Prop.

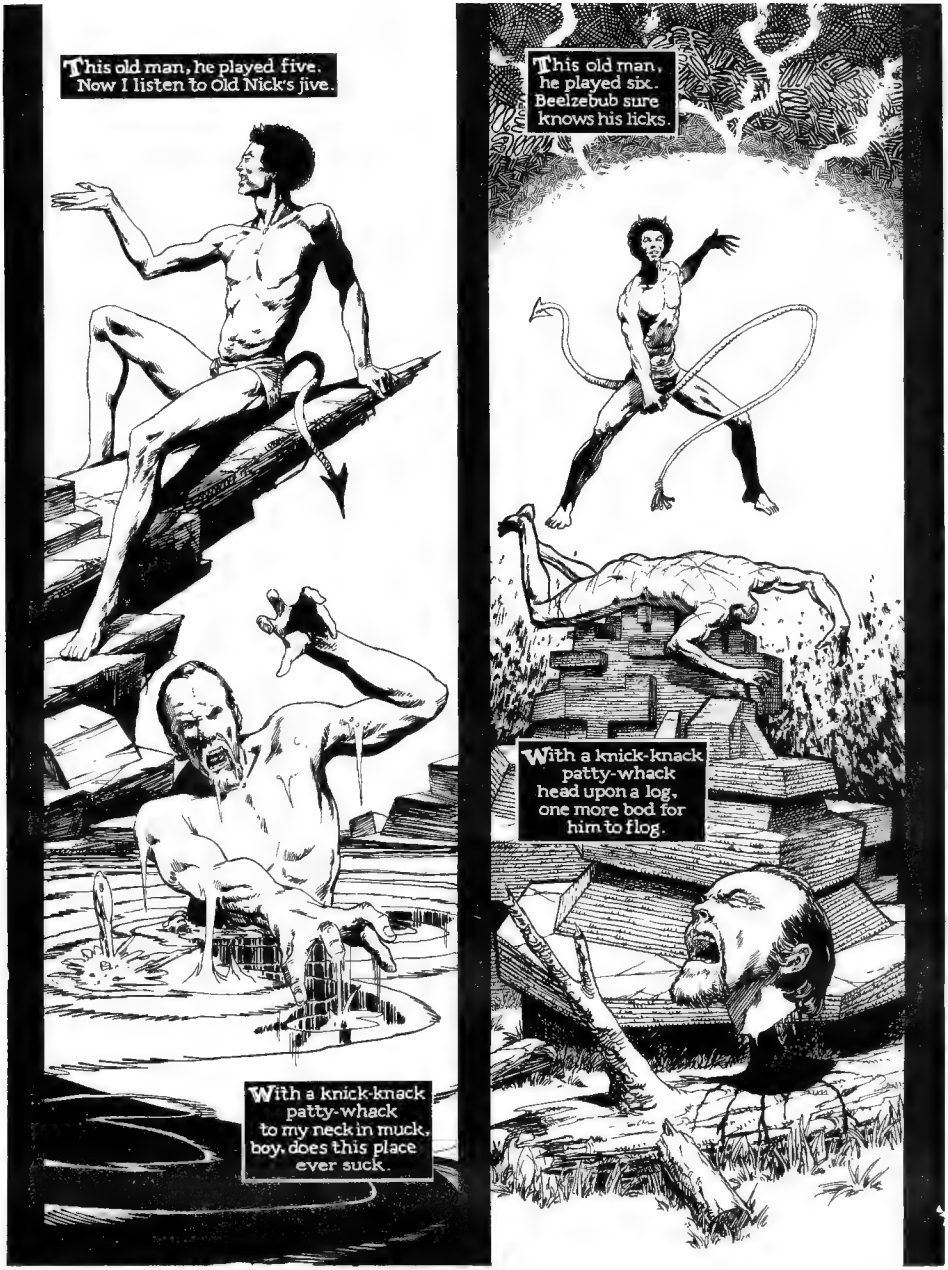
AMBER III

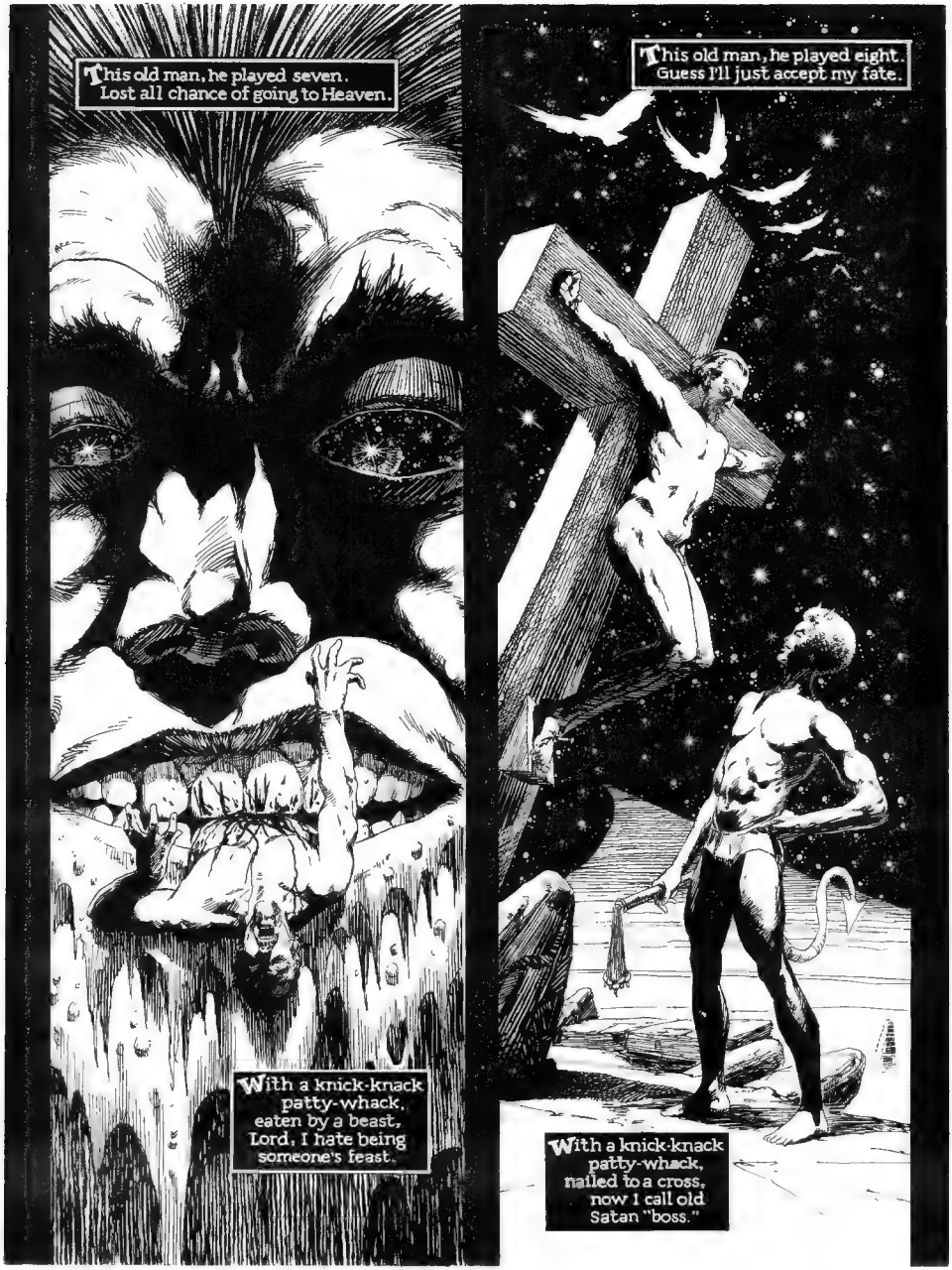
This old man,
he played one,
He played knick-knack
on my thumb.

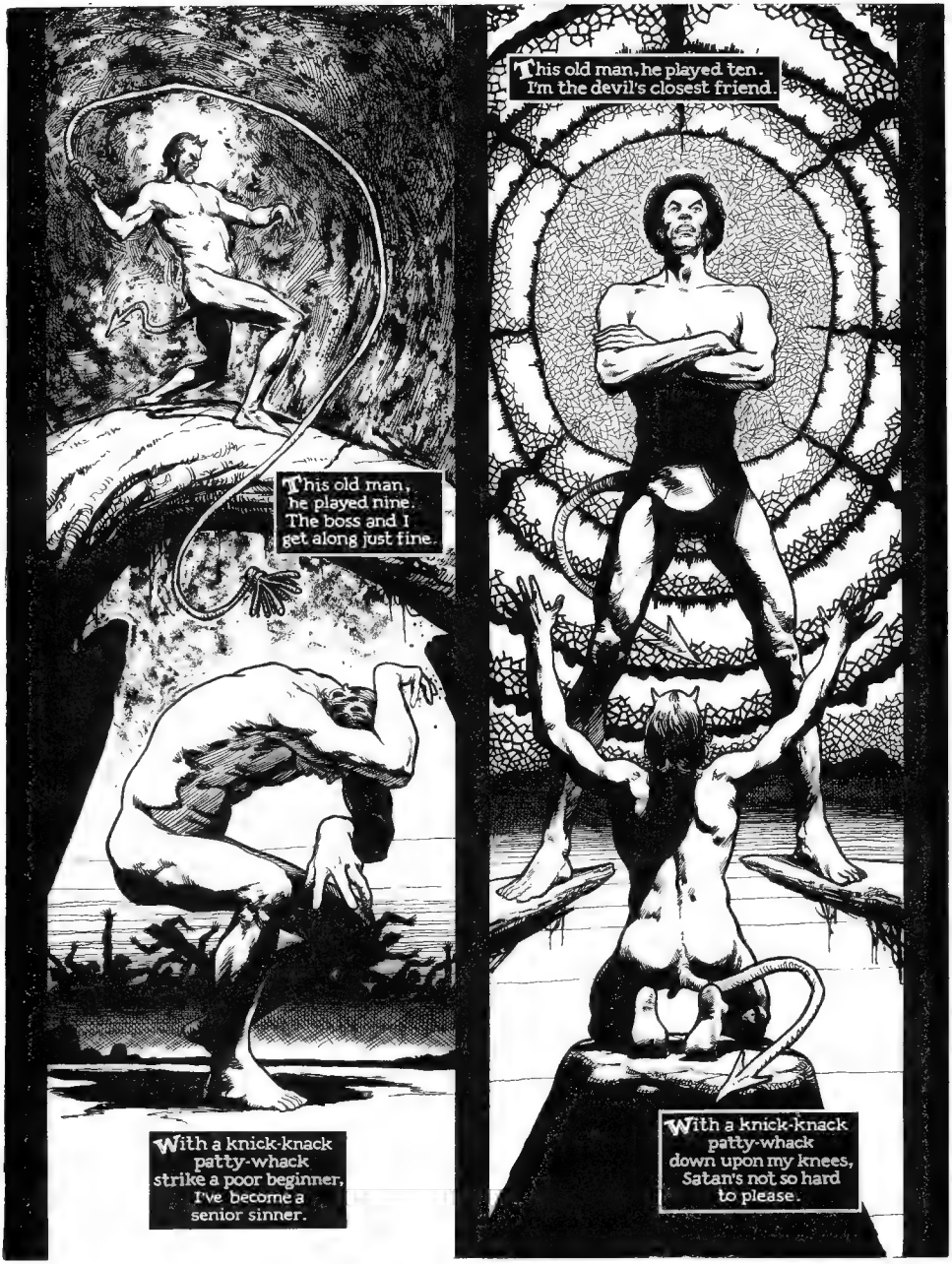
With a knick-knack patty-whack
give a dog a bone,
this old man came rolling home.

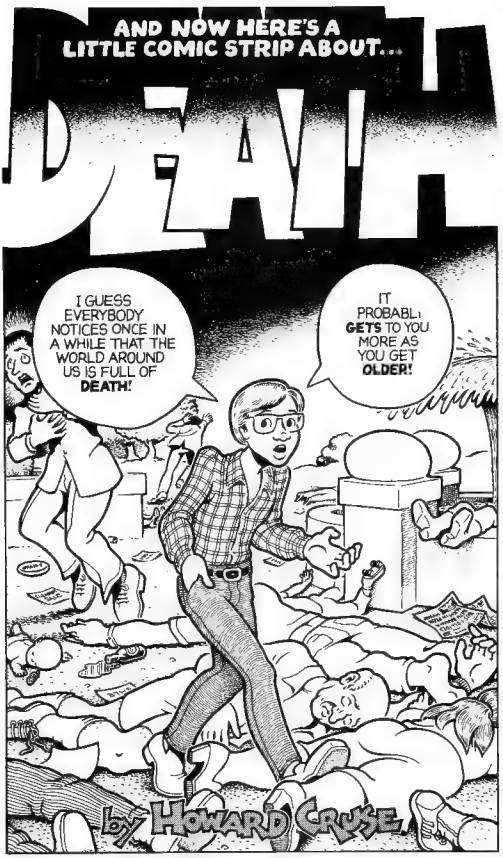
This old man, he played one.
Oh dear God, my soul's been won.
With a knick-knack
patty-whack
gave my soul away,
gonna pay this very day.
This old man,
he played two.
Now eternity's
judgment's due.
With a knick-knack
patty-whack
gonna turn to dust,
looks like destiny's
gone bust.

This old man, he played three.
Now my soul's no longer free.
With a knick-knack
patty-whack
on my way to hell,
fallen under
Satan's spell.
This old man, he played four.
Now we stand at Hades' door.
With a knick-knack
patty-whack
now forever lost,
had no thought of
this game's cost.


This old man, he played five.
Now I listen to Old Nick's jive.
With a knick-knack patty-whack to my neck in muck, boy, does this place ever suck.
This old man, he played six.
Beelzebub sure knows his licks.
With a knick-knack patty-whack head upon a log, one more bod for him to flog.

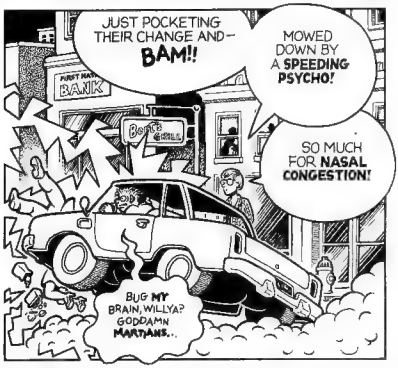

This old man, he played seven.
Lost all chance of going to Heaven.
With a knick-knack patty-whack, eaten by a beast, Lord, I hate being someone's feast.
This old man, he played eight.
Guess I'll just accept my fate.
With a knick-knack patty-whack, nailed to a cross, now I call old Satan "boss."


This old man, he played nine. The boss and I get along just fine.
With a knick-knack patty-whack strike a poor beginner, I've become a senior sinner.
This old man, he played ten. I'm the devil's closest friend.
With a knick-knack patty-whack down upon my knees, Satan's not so hard to please.


AND NOW HERE'S A LITTLE COMIC STRIP ABOUT...
DEATH
I GUESS EVERYBODY NOTICES ONCE IN A WHILE THAT THE WORLD AROUND US IS FULL OF DEATH!
IT PROBABLY GETS TO YOU MORE AS YOU GET OLDER!
by HOWARD CRUSE

NEXT TO TELEVISION AND HOT TUBS, IT'S THE WORLD'S FAVORITE DINNERTIME CONVERSATIONAL TOPIC!
©1981 by H. Cruse

CONSIDER THIS COUPLE STOPPING BY THE CORNER DRUG STORE FOR A HIT OF NASAL SPRAY...
THE UNPREDICTABILITY OF IT ALL CAN GIVE ANY OF US THE WILLIES!


JUST POCKETING THEIR CHANGE AND— BAM!!
MOWED DOWN BY A SPEEDING PSYCHO!
SO MUCH FOR NASAL CONGESTION!
FIRST MAIN BANK
BUG MY BRAIN, WILLYA? GODDAMN MARTIANS...

IF YOU LET IT, STUFF LIKE THIS CAN PUT YOU IN A MORBID STATE OF MIND, BUT I LIKE TO LOOK AT IT MORE POSITIVELY!

THERE'S SOMETHING FASCINATING ABOUT DEATH AS A PROCESS! IT'S AN INTERESTING TRANSFORMATION —LIKE A SEED BECOMING A FLOWER!
I MEAN, TAKE THIS DEAD BODY HERE...
JOHN. WHAT HAPPENED? ARE YOU THERE, JOHN..?

A FEW MINUTES AGO, THIS OBJECT WAS A PERSON LIKE YOU AND ME... HAVING THOUGHTS ABOUT THIS AND THAT... PLANNING FOR NEXT SUMMER'S VACATION... NOW IT'S JUST A LUMP OF DEAD MEAT!
INTRIGUING PARADOX, ISN'T IT?
JOHN, WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER? WHO'S THAT I HEAR TALKING?

A CERTAIN PERCENTAGE OF DEATHS ARE BROUGHT ABOUT **VIOLENTLY!** THESE ARE THE ONES THAT GET **HEADLINES!**
I DON'T LIKE TO **THINK** ABOUT GOING **THAT** WAY— DO **YOU?**
...LOOKS LIKE IT WOULD **HURT!**
DIS'LL FINISH 'IM!
ARGH!
NO...
CHEW SOME **COLD CHAIN,** STOOLIE!
THEN THERE'S THE **LESS DRAMATIC** SWAN SONG UNDER **HOSPITAL FLUORESCENTS!** LOTS OF **PAIN,** BUT IT'S NOT A SEXY ITEM FOR THE **PRESS** UNLESS YOU'RE **FAMOUS!**
UH-OH! ANOTHER CROAKER!
I THINK MOST OF US WOULD AGREE THAT THE **PROCESS** OF DYING CAN BE A **DRAG!** (SHUDDER!) LET'S MOVE ON TO THE **NEXT PANEL...**
NOTHING CHEERIER **HERE! EMOTIONAL** PAIN CAN BE AS BAD AS THE **PHYSICAL** STUFF! HERE'S A WOMAN WHO'S **HAD ENOUGH**...SO IT'S **DOWN** THAT **FINAL HATCH!**
IT'S EASY TO LOSE YOUR **PERSPECTIVE** AND FEEL **BLUE!** BUT THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING **FUNNY** IN EVERY SITUATION! I MYSELF FIND THE CONCEPT OF **MORTICIAN'S WAX** INHERENTLY **HUMOROUS!**
THIS MAY JUST BE A **PERSONAL IDIOSYNCRASY,** THOUGH...
THE RITUALS OF **MOURNING** ARE IMPORTANT **NATURAL HEALING MECHANISMS** WHEN WE LOSE A **LOVED ONE** TO THE **GRIM REAPER!**
YOU FOLKS DON'T MIND **ME!** JUST GO AHEAD AND **CRY**...IT'S **GOOD** FOR YOU!
IT MAY NOT **SMELL** TOO TERRIFIC, BUT THE **BODILY DECAY** THAT FOLLOWS DEATH HELPS **RECYCLE** US INTO **NUTRIENTS** FOR **LATER GENERATIONS** OF **LIFE!**
TOO BAD WE **SLOW DOWN** THE PROCESS WITH TACKY PRACTICES LIKE **EMBALMING!**
...IT'D MAKE A LOT MORE **SENSE** TO POP US INTO THE GROUND LIKE **FERTILIZER STICKS** WHILE WE'RE **FRESH,** IF YOU ASK **ME!**
OF COURSE, I'M NO **EXPERT!**
YEP, IF EVER THERE'S A TIME THAT OUR **KINSHIP** WITH THE REST OF THE **ANIMAL KINGDOM** SHOWS UP, IT'S WHEN WE **'KICK OFF'!**
INSIDE OF EVERY **LIVING THING** IS A **CARCASS** TRYING TO **GET OUT,** YOU MIGHT SAY!
AND BEING A PART OF THE **ANIMAL KINGDOM** IS A PRETTY **MAGNIFICENT THING!**
IT SURE AS HELL BEATS BEING MANUFACTURED BY **GENERAL MOTORS!**

STILL, LOTS OF US CAN'T QUITE BELIEVE THAT WE WON'T LIVE FOREVER! WE CLING TO LIFE AS THOUGH WE COULD GET AN EXEMPTION FROM OUR MORTAL DESTINY!
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN...
HI, THERE, YOUNG FELLOW! DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA BE DEAD SOMEDAY?
N-NO!
WHY NOT?
MOMMY AND DADDY WON'T LET ME!
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, CHUM! YOUR MOMMY AND DADDY CAN'T SAVE YOU...IN FACT, THEY'RE GONNA DIE SOMEDAY, TOO! ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'LL ALL BE AS DEAD AS THIS LITTLE PUPPY THAT GOT RUN OVER THIS MORNING!
WAAAH!
ONCE YOU ACCEPT THE INEVITABILITY OF YOUR OWN DEATH, YOU START FEELING A SENSE OF INNER SERENITY, LIKE THIS FELLOW HERE!
SOME OF US TRY TO SOFTEN THE FINALITY OF DEATH BY LEAVING THINGS BEHIND THAT WE'VE CREATED! F'RINSTANCE, AFTER I'M GONE, I LIKE TO THINK SOMEBODY MIGHT PICK UP MY COMIC BOOKS AND HAVE A CHUCKLE!
FAT CHANCE, YOU SAY—BUT PERMIT ME MY ILLUSIONS!
AND WHO KNOWS? HERE I'M DRAWING THIS COMIC STRIP ABOUT DEATH, AND I MIGHT BE DEAD MYSELF BY THE TIME THAT YOU READ THIS!
YOU NEVER CAN TELL!
BUT IF THAT'S THE CASE, DON'T FRET THAT HOWIE CRUSE IS A PILE OF BONES ROTTING AWAY IN A BURIED BOX! THAT'S NOT THE WHOLE STORY, BELIEVE ME!...
HERE IS TO YEARS OF GOOD TIMES
IN LOVING MEMORY
..'CAUSE MY SOUL WILL BE UP IN HEAVEN ROCKIN'-AND-ROLLIN' AND DANCIN' NEKKID WITH THE ANGELS!
LET'S GO TO THE HOP!
OH BABY!
OH BABY...
FEH! ALL THAT RACKET... AND THEY CALL THAT MUSIC??
SIGH... WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE NICE SONGS?
CRUSE

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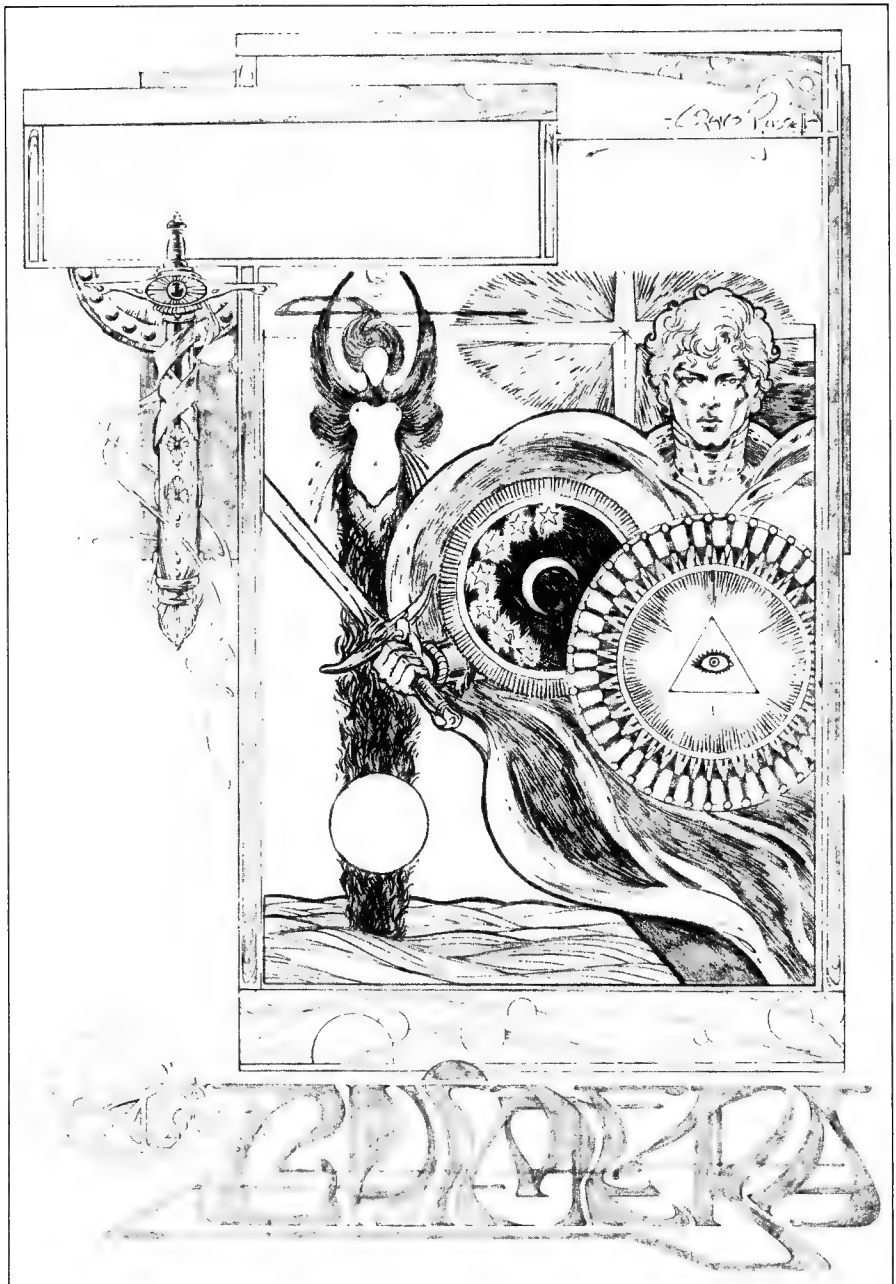

-CRAIG RUSSELL-

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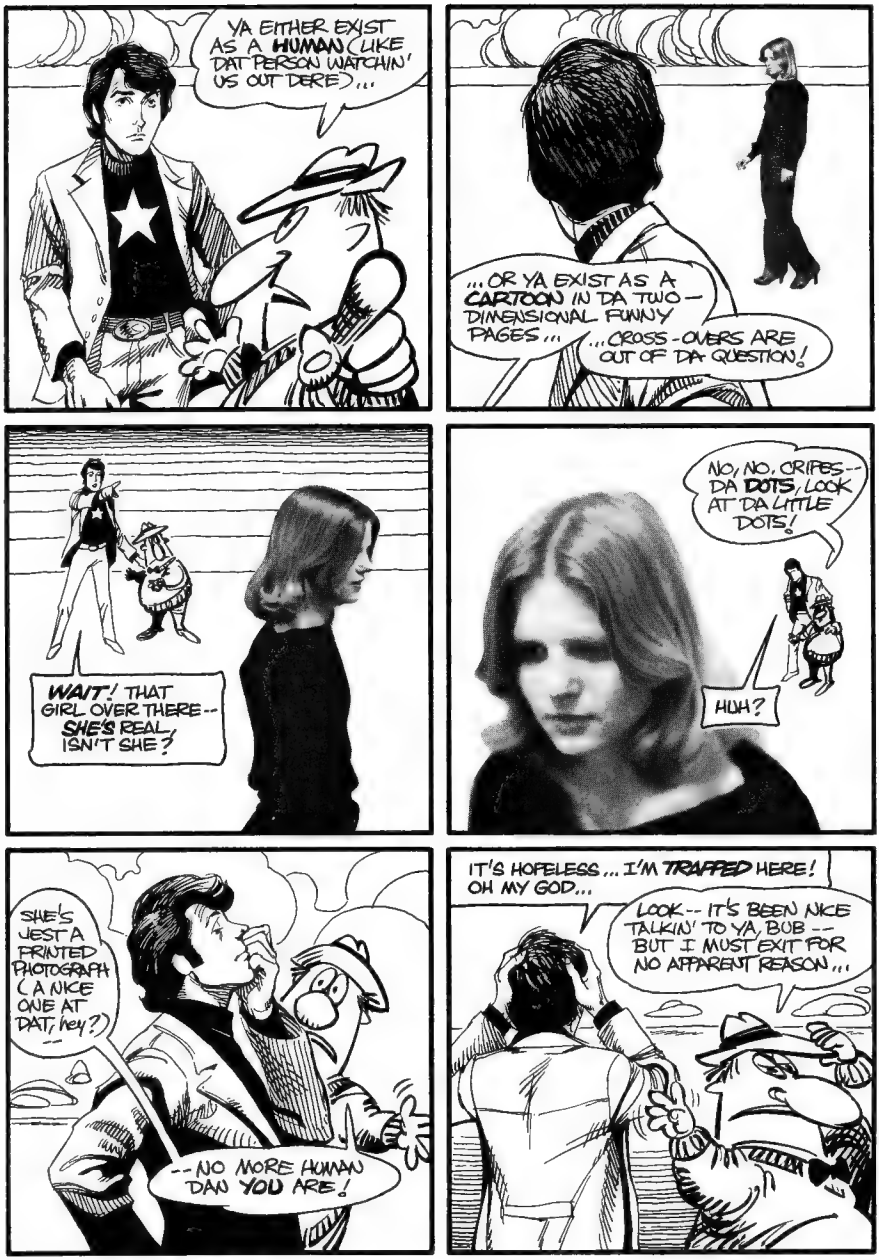
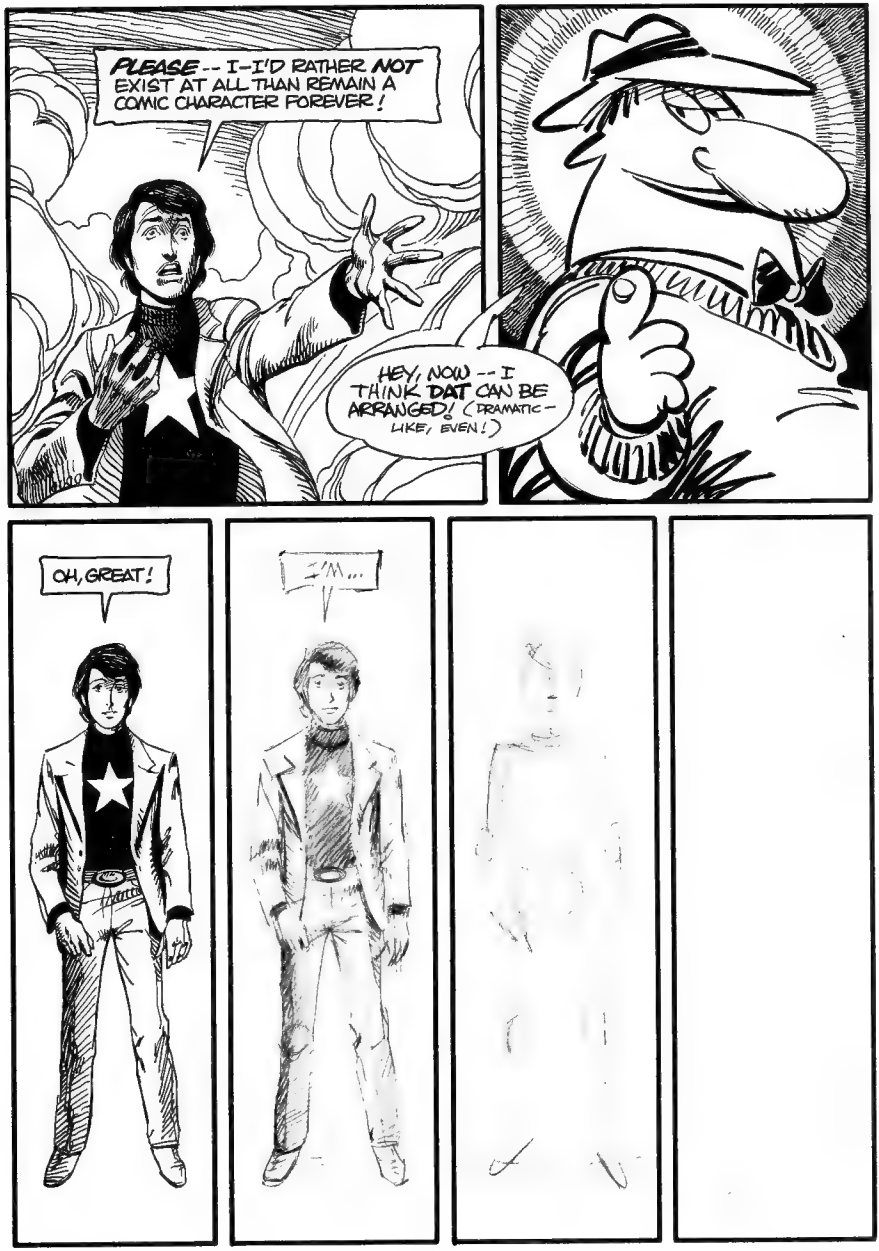
I- I CAN'T FIGURE THIS OUT!!
HEMPEL 80
EXCUSE ME, SIR --
EH?
--MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME...
...WHO AM I ?
WHAT?! ARE YA DUMB OR SOMETHIN'?
YER A CARTOON!

WHAT? BUT--!
BUT NUTTIN'!
YER 2-D, YER HEIGHT VARIES WITHIN DA SPACE OF A FEW INCHES...
...YER WOIDS IS WRITTEN IN BALLOONS...
LOOK AT YERSELF! LOOK AT YER HANDS FER CRISAKE!
INK LINES, REPRO-DUCED PEN SCRATCHES, DATS ALL YA ARE.
BUT NO-- I MEAN...I CAN'T BE!
I MEAN... I'M THINKING, AREN'T I? CARTOONS DON'T THINK.
HELL NO... COURSE NOT! OUR THOUGHTS ARE DA ARTIST'S THOUGHTS...
BUT--
...IT'S HIS WILL DAT YOU ARE IGNORANT AND I'M INTELLIJINT.
--BUT--

HEY, I KNOW HOW YA FEEL-- YER SUPPOSED TA THINK YER HUMAN! WE ALL ARE (WITH RARE EXCEPTIONS, LIKE ME, WHO ARE ENLIGHTENED BEYOND DA NORM, hey?)
WELL, I DON'T WANT TO BE A CARTOON CHARACTER! HOW DO I GET OUT OF HERE?
WHADYA MEAN? YA ARE WHAT YA ARE, NUTTIN'S GONNA CHANGE DAT -- SORRY, BUB!
I WANT TO BE HUMAN! A REAL MAN!! PLEASE -- THERE HAS TO BE A WAY!!!
NOPE, YER JEST AN ILLUSION OF REALITY -- INK LINES REPRESENTING A MAN. DAT'S DA WAY IT'S GOTTA STAY!
YER STUCK IN DIS UNIVERSE OF PROGRESSIVE PANELS WHETHER YA LIKE IT OR NOT! (WHAT'S WIT DESE SCREWY BACKGROUNDS?)


YA EITHER EXIST AS A HUMAN (LIKE DAT PERSON WATCHIN' US OUT DERE)...
...OR YA EXIST AS A CARTOON IN DA TWO-DIMENSIONAL FUNNY PAGES...
...CROSS-OVERS ARE OUT OF DA QUESTION!
WAIT! THAT GIRL OVER THERE-- SHE'S REAL, ISN'T SHE?
NO, NO, CRIPES-- DA DOTS, LOOK AT DA LITTLE DOTS!
HUH?
SHE'S JEST A PRINTED PHOTOGRAPH (A NICE ONE AT DAT, hey?)
--NO MORE HUMAN DAN YOU ARE!
IT'S HOPELESS... I'M TRAPPED HERE! OH MY GOD...
LOOK-- IT'S BEEN NICE TALKIN' TO YA, BUB-- BUT I MUST EXIT FOR NO APPARENT REASON...


PLEASE -- I-I'D RATHER NOT EXIST AT ALL THAN REMAIN A COMIC CHARACTER FOREVER!
HEY, NOW -- I THINK DAT CAN BE ARRANGED! (DRAMATIC-LIKE, EVEN!)
OH, GREAT!
=M...

Crystal Sett in
LOOSE HIPS SINK SHIPS!
MARK LAMONT
ORSON WELLS
SCOOTER
MANICOTTI
KRE
WRITTEN BY— CHRIS BROWNE
DRAWN BY— TRINA ROBBINS
LETTERED by ORZ
YOU'RE THE SAND IN MY CLAM, THE SEED IN MY JAM, BOO-HOO... YES YOU... HOT-CHA!!
THAT WAS OUR OWN RHYTHMETTES BRINGING US UP TO NEWSTIME.
...AND CUT! YOU'RE OFF THE AIR
CRYSTAL, WOULD YOU FIND ME THE ANDREWS SISTERS' LATEST WHILE STUDIO "B" IS EMPTY?
RIGHT-O!
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO TOY WITH HER AFFECTIONS!
SAY, ORSON-- HOW'RE YOU GOING TO GET THE CREAKING DOOR EFFECT?
I LED A MICROPHONE OUT OF STUDIO "B" TO THE RECORD CLOSET.
YOU'RE ON, Mr. WELLS.
THE MONKEY'S PAW
WHEN THE RIGHT MOMENT COMES, I'LL SIGNAL SCOOTER AND SHE'LL OPEN THE DOOR.
Mr. MANICOTTI! PLEASE! DON'T YOU WANT THE ANDREWS SISTERS?
LET THEM GET THEIR OWN DATES!
NO, DON'T GO IN THERE!
BUT I MUST!
NOW! SCOOTER! OPEN THE DOOR!
I WON'T LET YOU!
TRY N' STOP ME!
G-MAN
BANG! BANG!
UH! NICE TRY!
YES, Mr WELLS!
HOLY MOSES!
EEEEEK!!!
OOOH!
MANICOTTI! YOU'RE FIRED!
ULP! AM I FIRED TOO?
THE SWITCH-BOARD'S LIT UP! THEY LOVED IT!
YOU? I'M GONNA MAKE YOU A STAR!
IF YOU CAN TAKE DIRECTION AND DON'T MIND SOME HARD WORK!
I'VE JUST BEEN LOOKING FOR AN OPENING!
©1980 ROBBINS 'N BROWNE
Haven't we all!

Mr. TREE "I, FOR AN EYE"

by Max Collins & Terry Beatty

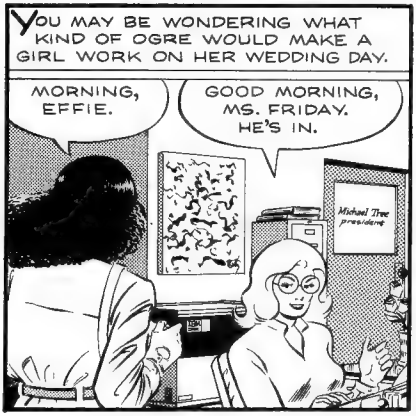
Chapter One
THE GIRL IN THE RED WEDDING DRESS
©1981 by Collins and Beatty
TODAY WAS OUR WEDDING DAY... TONIGHT OUR HONEYMOON... TOMORROW... TOMORROW...
1

THIS MORNING IN THE CITY, IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE RAIN.

A LITTLE COLD, MAYBE, FOR A BRIGHT SPRING MORNING— BUT JUST RIGHT TO WAKE THE WORK FORCE—

I HAD TO WORK ON THE MORNING OF MY WEDDING DAY— THE BOSS INSISTED.
ELEVATOR
NO SMOKI

IF HE SOUNDS MEAN, WELL, I WON'T DENY IT— BUT "TOUGH" WOULD BE A BETTER WORD.
Tree
Investigations
Inc.


YOU MAY BE WONDERING WHAT KIND OF OGRE WOULD MAKE A GIRL WORK ON HER WEDDING DAY.
MORNING, EFFIE.
GOOD MORNING, MS. FRIDAY. HE'S IN.
Michael Tree
private eye

OR MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT MIKE TREE— THE TOUGH, OLD-FASHIONED "PRIVATE EYE" WHO HIT IT BIG.
YOU'RE LATE.
2

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT, TOUGH GUY? FIRE A GIRL FOR BEING LATE, THE DAY SHE'S GETTING MARRIED?
"GIRL" IS SEXIST, MS. FRIDAY. YOU'RE THE ONE THAT TAUGHT ME THAT, REMEMBER?
SURE- AND I REMEMBER YOU TELLING ME "SEXIST" ISN'T REALLY A WORD- JUST SOMETHING SOME GODDAMN DYKE INVENTED.
BESIDES- I CAN BE ALLOWED A LITTLE "GIRLISHNESS" TODAY—
YOU MEAN YOU'LL TRADE IN "MS." FOR "MRS."?
ARE YOU KIDDING? IT'LL BE MS. TREE, THANK YOU.
YOU'RE WELCOME.
IN CASE YOU DIDN'T PICK UP ON IT YET... MY BOSS AND MY FIANCE ARE ONE-IN-THE-SAME: MIKE TREE.
3

WE MET THREE YEARS AGO- WHEN I GAVE HIM A TICKET-
OKAY- I WON'T CONTEST THIS GODDAMN THING- ON ONE CONDITION...
SO YOUR NAME'S FRIDAY AND YOU'RE A COP?
THAT'S MS. FRIDAY TO YOU.
HE'D BEEN A COP, TOO, IT SEEMED, AND LEFT THE FORCE FOR PERSONAL REASONS, WHICH HE NEVER REVEALED...
WELL, YOU CAN CALL ME MR. TREE-
HE HAD A SMALL, ONE-MAN PRIVATE INVESTIGATION AGENCY, AND WAS STRUGGLING TO MAKE A GO OF IT.
THAT WAS NICE, MS. FRIDAY.
NO ARGUMENT, MR. TREE.
WE HAD THINGS IN COMMON-
YOUR FIRST NAME IS MICHAEL?
FUNNY NAME FOR A WOMAN, HUH?
I DUNNO. MAYBE I'M JUST A GUY WITH THE FIRST NAME OF A GIRL...
BUT IT DIDN'T END WITH JUST OUR NAMES...
14

TAKE VIETNAM, FOR EXAMPLE- WE BOTH FOUGHT IT.
AND WE'D BOTH TRIED LAW SCHOOL - AND GAVE UP FOR LACK OF FUNDS...
APPLICATION FOR EMPLOYMENT
QUALIFICATIONS
POLICE DEPARTMENT
Requirements:
1. State residency at time of employment.
2. Resident of the City or
YOU'RE GETTING THE SHAFT- METER MAID! THAT'S THE LOWEST...
I'M NEXT IN LINE FOR PATROL CAR-
FORGET THAT SHIT. COME WORK WITH ME. I NEED YOU.
NEED ME? OR CAN "USE ME"? PLAYING SECRETARY IS NOT MY BAG-
HELL WITH THAT.' YOU'D BE A FULL PARTNER- ALL IT TAKES TO LAND A P.I. TICKET IN THIS STATE IS A YEAR'S EXPERIENCE IN LAW ENFORCEMENT- AND YOU GOT THAT.
I GOT MY LICENSE, ALL RIGHT- AND MY GUN, TOO-
AND MY TYPEWRITER.
HOW'S IT COMIN', ANGEL?

OH, WELL - SOMEBODY HAD TO DO THE OFFICE WORK; KEEP THE RECORDS STRAIGHT; ORGANIZE MIKE TREE INTO A BUSINESS.

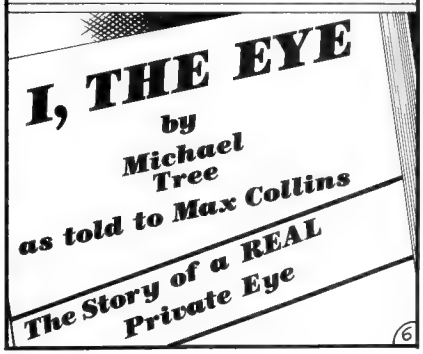
AND THEN HIS BREAK CAME - THE MASTERSON CASE - A SMALL-TOWN KID ACCUSED OF MURDERING HIS OWN MOTHER.

THEY'D GOTTEN A CONFESSION OUT OF THE KID, AND THE CONFUSED 18 YEAR-OLD WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE -

TILL A CIVIC GROUP, CONVINCED OF A MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE, WENT TO THE BIG CITY AND HIRED A PRIVATE EYE -

MIKE BUSTED THE CASE LIKE GLASS - AND FOUND THE EX-HUSBAND - THE BOY'S FATHER - WHO'D REALLY COMMITTED THE CRIME.

THEN CAME THE MEDIA - PEOPLE MAGAZINE - US - "60 MINUTES" - "20/20" - AND THE BESTSELLER -



THEN CAME MORE EMPLOYEES- LICENSED INVESTIGATORS DAN GREEN AND ROGER FREEMONT- EFFIE, OUR RECEPTIONIST AND- THANK GOD!- SECRETARY-
Michael True President
I REMAINED MIKE'S EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT, BUT NEVER TOOK FIELD ASSIGNMENTS; THE BUSINESS END OF A GUN HELD LESS INTEREST FOR ME THAN THE BUSINESS END OF THE BUSINESS-
AS FOR OUR PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP...
MIKE- WE'VE BEEN LOVERS FOR THREE YEARS, AND WE DON'T EVEN LIVE TOGETHER-
I'M JUST OLD-FASHIONED.
IF YOU'RE SO OLD-FASHIONED, WHY DIDN'T WE WAIT TILL WE WERE MARRIED?
I'VE BEEN AFRAID TO BRING MARRIAGE UP- AFRAID THAT ALL THAT FEMINIST BULLSHIT OF YOURS WOULD GET IN THE WAY-
WHY? 'CAUSE YOU'D WANT ME TO LEAVE THE BUSINESS? SETTLE DOWN AND HAVE YOUR KIDS?
WELL... YES.
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK...

I MADE A COUPLE OF THINGS CLEAR TO MIKE: ONE CHILD, AND WHEN HE/SHE IS OF SCHOOL AGE, MS. TREE GOES BACK TO WORK...
RED? YOU WANT A RED WEDDING DRESS? TACKY, MICHAEL- REAL TACKY—
I SETTLED FOR OFF-WHITE.
WE FOUND A LITTLE CHAPEL OUTSIDE THE CITY AND ARRANGED A SMALL, PRIVATE SERVICE—
JUST MIKE, ME, THE PREACHER, EFFIE AS MAID OF HONOR, MIKE'S EX-PARTNER FROM HIS COP DAYS, CHICK STEELE.
WE'D ALLOWED JUST ONE NIGHT FOR OUR HONEYMOON IN A NEARBY MOTEL... SHORT BUT SWEET, MIKE SAID...
YOU'RE THIRSTY? I'LL GET YOU A CAN OF POP OUT OF THE MACHINE—
YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH IN THAT RAIN—
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A LITTLE RAIN TO PUT OUT THIS GUY'S FIRE.
BANG BANG
TOMORROW?
8
TO BE CONTINUED——

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Raymond Chandler

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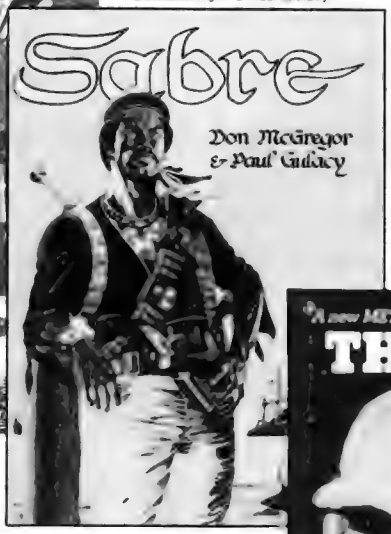

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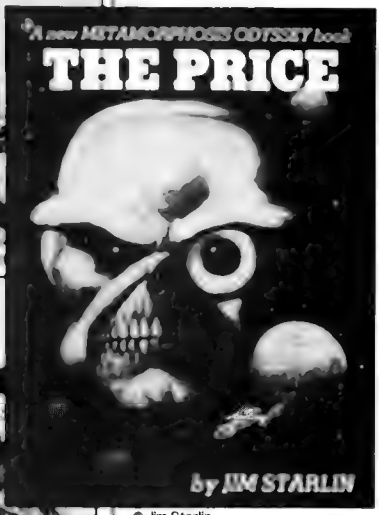

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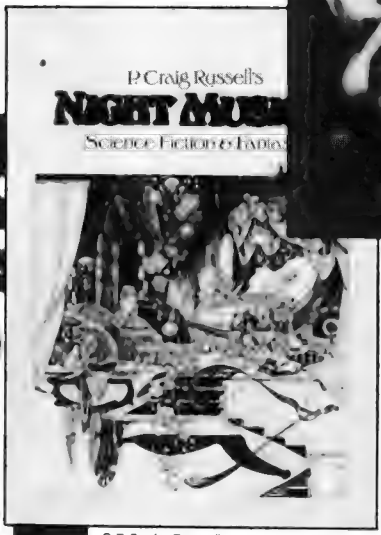

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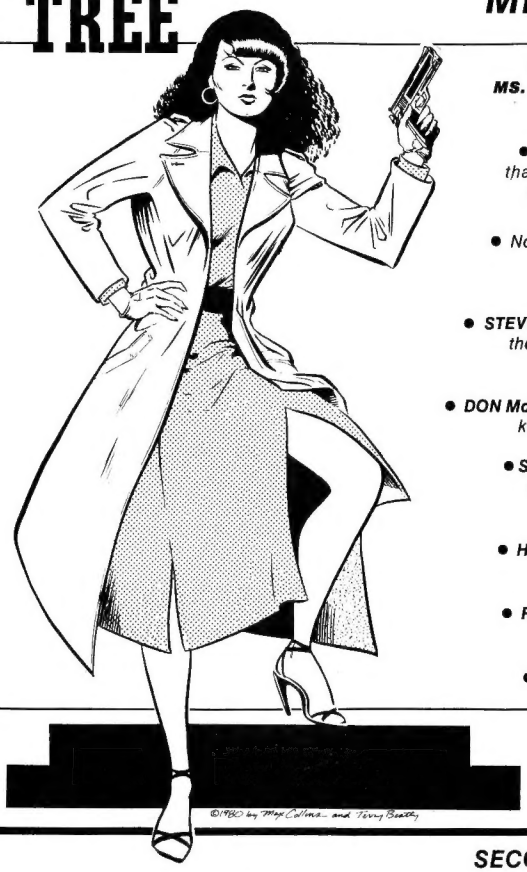
Ms. TREE



- **MAX ALLAN COLLINS & TERRY BEATTY's *MS. TREE*** *begins her most difficult assignment... finding her husbands killer!!*
- **STEVE GERBER & VAL MAYERICK,** *the duo that originally presented* ***HOWARD THE DUCK****, re-team for a new type of story--***Erotic Horror!**
- *Noted cartoonist* **TRINA ROBBINS** *adapts* ***DOPE****, a novel by Fu Manchu creator* **SAX ROHMER***, a classic pulp story in comic form!*
- **STEVE ENGLEHART & MARSHALL ROGERS** *begin their longest collaboration ever--a mind-boggling 60-page adventure starring a cosmic gypsy!*
- **DON McGREGOR** *writes of the trials and tribulations of kindergarten kids growing up in the early 1950's!*
- **STEVE LEIALOHA** *showcases an exciting new space adventure with his* ***QUACK*** *character--* ***Newton the Rabbit Wonder!***
- **HOWARD CRUSE** *lets loose with a pointed, yet humorous exposé of Right-Wing politics!*
- **RICK GEARY, *NATLAMP*** *cartoonist, performs some of his unique visual madness!*
- ***AND EVEN MORE!!!***

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CONTRIBUTORS

TERRY BEATTY

is a young cartoonist from Iowa who has collaborated for more than a year with Max Allan Collins on the weekly syndicated **Comics Page**, from which the **Mike Mist Minute Mist-eries** has been collected by Eclipse Enterprises. A former rock 'n roll disc jockey and commercial artist, he writes a weekly column for **The Buyer's Guide** and is currently packaging a new underground comic.

CHRIS BROWNE

writes and draws **Cruiser**, the lead feature in **Playboy's Funny Pages** every month, and has emerged as one of the more successful cartoonists of the late 1970's. In addition to his freelance work, Chris assists his father, Dik Browne, on the syndicated newspaper strip **Hagar the Horrible**.

MAX ALLAN COLLINS

has scripted the **Dick Tracy** newspaper strip for the past four years, assuming the trenchcoat from Tracy's creator, Chester Gould, upon Gould's retirement. He has written a dozen-some crime novels, including the **Nolan** series for Pinnacle Books: **Bait Money, Blood Money** and the soon to be published **Fly Paper**. He and artist Terry Beatty have worked together for over a year producing the weekly syndicated **Comics Page** featuring private detective Mike Mist.

HOWARD CRUSE

is the creator of the popular underground comix series **Barefootz** published by Krupp Comix works. His cartoons appeared in **Playboy, Heavy Metal** and **Starlog**; he was Art Director of **Starlog** and **Future Life** for two years. In his native Birmingham, Alabama he worked as a newspaper and advertising artist and as a puppeteer for a local TV show. Most recently, he edited the ground-breaking **Gay Comix** from Krupp, and currently lives in New York City.

STEVE ENGLEHART

was one of the most influential writers during the "revolution" in comics in the 1970's. His **Dr.Strange, Captain America, Master of Kung Fu** and **Avengers** at Marvel Comics, and **Justice League** and **Batman** at DC Comics are considered landmark achievements in the medium.

A few years ago, Steve shifted his creative attention to novels. His first one, **The Point Man**, will be out from Dell in August. It's a thriller about a San Francisco disc jockeywho runs head-on into the actual psychic espionage used by the Russians, and has just six days to find a way to beat it--or lose a game that will decide the course of history.

In addition to his novels, Steve is currently working on two sixty-page graphic stories to be published by Eclipse Enterprises.

PAUL GULACY

has established a new tone for fantasy painting, fusing brutal realism with stark sensuality. His and Don McGregor's **Sabre** was also a landmark event in the institution of the graphic book in America. Gulacy is currently working on a new painting for a third edition of that book. His paintings have most recently appeared in **Epic Illustrated** and in various other magazines.

MARC HEMPEL

has worked in various fields of illustration, designing concert posters and t-shirts and illustrating for **Questar, Video Action, Gasm** and **Fantastic Films**, among other magazines. An innovative writer who uses a touch of irony, his most recent comic work appeared in **Epic Illustrated**. Working from his Baltimore studio, he created **Cartoon Man**, which displays that irony as he debates the comparative reality of his creations. It appears in this issue.

DON MAITZ

is one of the most successful illustrators in the fantasy/science fiction field, with over 75 paperback cover paintings in print. His illustrations have been seen in **Omni** and on NBC-TV, among other places. He was named Best Artist at the 1980 World Fantasy Convention, and again at the 1981 Bos-Con. He lives in Connecticut where he is prepaing a 150-painting one-man exhibition. He is also working on three art portfolios with Chimera Publishing.

TOM ORZECHOWSKI

during the past eight years, has established himself as the leading proponent of lettering as a design element. He has worked on virtually every series at Marvel Comics and over the past few years has turned most of his attention towards alternative comics including **Star*Reach, Imagine** and the Eclipse line of graphic books, doing lettering and logo design.

TRINA ROBBINS

has been a published cartoonist since 1966, appearing in such magazines as **Playboy, National Lampoon, Heavy Metal** and **High Times**. Her work has also been seen extensively in American underground comix and in Europe. She lives in a dusty San Fransisco Victorian with her three white cats, ten-year-old daughter, a fellow cartoonist, and collection of Golden Age comics and shoes.

MARSHALL ROGERS

ushered in a new era of mood and realism in comics with his interpretation of **The Batman** with Steve Englehart at DC Comics. Drawing from a background in both architectural and anatomical drawing, Rogers is able to visually create very real characters in very credible settings. His talent is aptly displayed in such stories as the **Batman** series, Don McGregor's **Detectives Inc.**, and in this issue's **Slab**. He has illustrated numerous series at Marvel Comics, including **Dr. Strange** and **The Daughters of the Dragon**, and is currently collaborating with Steve Englehart on a sixty-page story to be serialized beginning next issue in **Eclipse**.

P.CRAIG RUSSELL

has been called "a poet" by Steranko in the introduction to Russell's collection **Night Music**. His idyllic visions have appeared in **Star*Reach, Imagine** and in many other publications in the United States and Europe. Due for release this summer is Roy Thomas' and his adaptation of Michael Moorcock's **The Dreaming City**. Russell lives in Ohio and is currently teaching comic illustration at Kent State University.

JIM STARLIN

has been a major force in the comics industry for nearly eight years, having charged **Captain Marvel** and **Warlock** with his unique brand of cosmic science fiction. He's currently working on a three-volume, 200-page epic, **The Metamorphosis Odyssey**, the first book of which is being serialized in **Epic Illustrated**. The second book, **The Price**, will be published by Eclipse Enterprises next month. Starlin lives in upstate New York with his wife and two cats.

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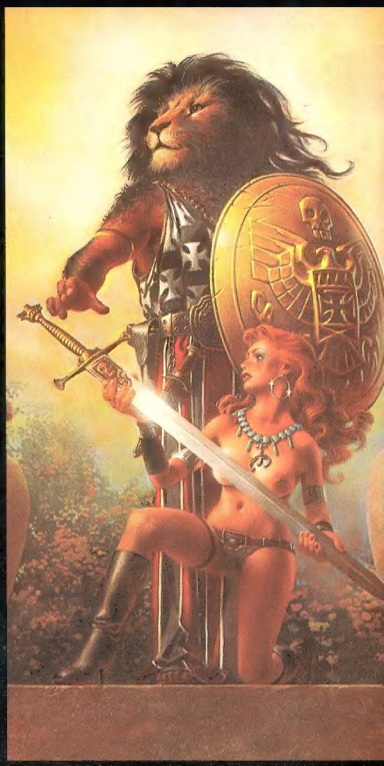

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